THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.

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THE ANTIPHONS OF ADVENT

AMONG the many comments expressed in letters, newspaper clippings, telegrams and telephone messages, and conversations, reaching the editors of this journal since election day, dealing with what to Catholics was and for long must remain the gravest aspect of the epochal events that have convulsed the country—namely, the terrible and sustained attack upon the loyalty and civic trustworthiness of Catholics—one in particular seems to us most memorable, and most worthy of being dwelt upon as the tumult and the shoutings die away, and the strangely mingled notes of joy and of penance which are harmonized by Mother Church in the liturgy of Advent are struck for us in the Mass for the first Sunday of this holy season of preparation for Christmas. Now that increasing numbers of the Catholic laity take their missals with them to church, and follow in their own language, English, French, German, whatever it may be, the ever-changing yet ever-constant message of the Mass, it may not be out of place that a layman's journal should find for itself and offer to its readers certain reflections on the recent political campaign based upon, and drawing (we hope) consolation, encouragement, and high inspiration from, the great liturgical texts of holy Advent. And we may hope that our many readers who do not fully share our faith may yet find our remarks worth attention and consideration. There never was a time when what American Catholics feel or think or will has been of more concern to those not of their Church. And what Catholics feel or think or will cannot be understood or appreciated save by those who know how and why their feelings, their thoughts, and the movements of their will are rooted in and bound up with the inner life of their religion. For our part we recommend to those who would know the truth about Catholics to pay more attention to our liturgy than to the Fellowship Forum; to the antiphons of Advent, rather than to the radio messages of WHAP. We extend the same recommendation to Catholics; and here we are trying to follow our own advice.

The memorable comment concerning the recent campaign, in connection with the outbreak of anti-Catholicism which has given it a unique place in American history, to which we refer above, was made by a Catholic missionary priest whose field of labor is in one of the southern states which went Republican in the election; chiefly (so we at least believe) because of anti-Catholicism. He came to our office to beg (in the literal, Franciscan sense of that beautiful word) for whatever copies of pamphlets dealing with misunderstood or maligned aspects of the Church we were

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able to give him; and he said: "Last year we had only between twenty to thirty converts; this year, and principally since the political campaign began, we have placed between seventy and eighty men and women under instruction. Everywhere we go there is a demand for Catholic literature; a great and fruitful interest is awake. Our Church has now the greatest and most wide-spread opportunity for the harvesting of souls that ever it has had in America."

These words, confirmed and added to by many other testimonies of the sort which we might quote that have reached us from many parts of the land, recur to our minds as, missal in hand, we follow the priest as he goes up to the altar on this, the first Sunday of Advent, and, having humbly confessed his sins and shortcomings, and ours with his, offers up the Introit, the opening prayer of Mass: "To Thee have I lifted up my soul: in Thee, O my God, I put my trust, let me not be ashamed: neither let my enemies laugh at me; for none of them that wait on Thee shall be confounded. Show, O Lord, Thy ways to me: and teach me Thy paths."

Not having attained anything like perfect recollection, or the ability which only the blessed humble or else the great experts in prayer possess, of mastering distractions in our all-too-few and broken periods of devotion, even here and even now disturbing thoughts and memories come back to us. We think of the young officer in the naval reserve corps—one who, like hundreds of thousands of other Catholics, had borne arms for his country in the great war: as so many other Catholics before him had done in all the wars of the republic since the beginning—and the expression on his face as he told us of hearing a speech made during the recent political campaign, in which the orator said that it was all right to use Catholics as cannon fodder, but that none of them should be trusted with public responsibilities, in war or in peace. The young Catholic officer—he told us—had been tempted to throw up his commission in the naval reserve, after hearing that speech and being forced to recognize that apparently millions of American citizens agreed with the orator; but—as he went on to say—he would not do so; he would, of course, go on doing his duty by his country; it had not ceased to be his country because certain individuals, few or many, as the case might be, denied that fact; truth was never changed by the denial of truth; but on the contrary was affirmed and proven by being lived up to by those who knew the truth.

Other distractions followed. We thought of the representatives of so many of our leading universities who had applied to The Commonweal for possession of, or copies of, the terrible mass of anti-Catholic literature collected by this journal during the last few months, so that historians and sociologists might study the documents relating to this frightful disease of religious intolerance which has been revealed as preying upon the vital relations of our citizens: spreading hatred and lies and calumnies; sowing the germs of dissension and suspicion and distrust. By millions and millions of copies these germ-carriers of a national disturbance had been broadcast: so-called newspapers; pamphlets, books, posters, cards, letters, in a well-organized, heavily financed effort to demonstrate that some twenty million Americans should be regarded as political pariahs, because of the religion they profess—the religion which they hold to have been the living soul of western civilization for twenty centuries, but which the purveyors of psychological poison described as the source of treason, the instigator or the protector of sin and shame and crime. And full well we know that the historians and sociologists and public leaders of the land should and must face and study these dread documents, and determine whether or not they are symptoms of some cancer that has seized upon the vitals of the nation, or, at worst, the signs and omens of a mere recrudescence of ignorance, misapprehension and blind bigotry which can be met and overcome by resolute prophylactic methods, to be summed up in one word: education.

But the priest is reading the Epistle of the day, and with an effort we pay attention to him uttering the great words of Paul: "Brethren, knowing that it is now the hour for us to rise from sleep. For now our salvation is nearer than when we believed. The night is past and the day is at hand. Let us therefore cast off the works of darkness and put on the armor of light. . . ." And the Gradual, swiftly following, repeats and reinforces the note of the Introit: "All they that wait on Thee, Lord, shall not be confounded. Show, O Lord, Thy ways to me: and teach me Thy paths." The warning of the Gospel comes: the terrible prophecy of the ending of the world: a storm of woe and disaster, but shot through with the illumination of the final redemption. Then the unending mystery mounts to its climax: and God again is with us: and peace and awe and consolation spread their balm; and we go forth again, back to the world and its problems. But not as men without hope, for as the liturgy of this day announces, the Mass of the first Sunday of Advent prepares us for the double coming of mercy and justice. Those of us who later on go to Vespers will hear repeated over and over again the promises that cannot fail, in particular: "Brethren, it is now the hour for us to rise from sleep."

As people awakened from the sleep of sloth or of indifference, let us fall in behind that soldier of the Faith spoken of above, that missionary priest, and his many thousands of companion priests and bishops and women religious, who see one thing most clearly, and it the thing that really matters most, namely, the opportunity of the Church. Let us not only say with our lips, but with our hearts and with our deeds, the Advent prayer, Contra Persecutores Ecclesiae—Against the Persecutors of the Church: "Protect us, O Lord . . . that we may ever cleave to divine things, and serve Thee both in body and mind."

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WEEK BY WEEK

GOVERNOR SMITH'S post-campaign speech on behalf of the Democratic national committee was, in our opinion, almost the best he ever made. There is less drive and debating in it, perhaps, but instead a wisdom born of experience which all those who followed him must prize highly while they live. It answers better than any other writing we know of the question as to what effect partizan feeling ought to have upon the national life. "Party responsibility is not confined to the handling of governmental affairs. A political party must also be accountable to the people of the United States for the management of its internal affairs, and no political party can afford to accept the support of forces for which it refuses to be responsible. It will not do to let bitterness, rancor or indignation over the result blind us to the one outstanding fact, that above everything else we are Americans." These words have a savor comparable with that of the Farewell Address itself—although we sincerely hope that a man who has served the community so well during a quarter of a century has not really planned to say good-bye to statesmanship. However that may be, Governor Smith remains proudly a Democrat: "The Democratic party is still the great liberal party of the nation. It leads the progressive, forward-looking thought of the nation." Here those of us who are not in agreement with the assertion will, at least, admire the spirit in which it has been put forth. America needs not merely two parties, but two energetic, hopeful, forward-looking parties interested less in criticism than in purposive effort.

THE principal reaction to the foundering of the Vestris with heavy loss of life on November 12 has been condemnation of the officers and crew. Such tales of gallantry as followed the sinking of the Titanic were conspicuously absent in the accounts of most of the survivors, and the scene as they describe it must have been one to confound a faith in the worth of humanity. The tragedy might have been averted, of course, if Captain Carey had been quicker to order a call for help, but whether he was justified at the time in supposing that his ship had a good chance to right herself and continue may never be determined. In that event there seems to be little point in branding with such names as murderer a man who had previously proved himself able enough to become commander of his company's fleet. The firm of Lamport and Holt has a long and honorable record, one which was not established by choosing chief officers carelessly. The least one might do is endorse the sentiments of Captain Sir Burton Chadwick, Deputy Master of the Honorable Company of Master Mariners, of London, who protests "as a seaman most strenuously against the wild and cruel injustice being done to the late master of the Vestris by a section of the United States press. No authentic account of a disaster of this kind can be available until an official inquiry is held. Until then, in the name of common fairness, let reason prevail. It is said that Captain Carey remained on his bridge to the last and went down with his ship. Captain Cummings or any of those other masters who took such a noble part would have done the same. It is in accord with the highest traditions of seamen."

EVER since its foundation the Catholic University of America has been a kind of barometer to the intellectual activity of the American Church. Looked to and respected by secular scholarship, accepted by the faithful themselves as representative and prized by generations of graduates, the University occupies a place in the national life with which nothing else is comparable. But a turning point has now come. When Monsignor James Hugh Ryan was inaugurated as rector on November 14, with solemn and memorable ceremony, the change in the University's leadership coincided with a new inventory of their forces which Catholics were constrained by general social circumstance to make. What, frankly, is the moral, intellectual and religious outlook? Are we on the right road with adequate equipment? These questions, which many have been asking with deep anxiety, the new rector has considered for a long time. He is a frank, experienced, virile man, and we believe that his appointment to this high office is most fortunate and significant. That the Catholic University has done much is evident; that it has more to do is no less apparent. And one great task remaining is an unbiased evaluation of educational means, methods and possibilities. Here even the most comfortable and

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charming of bromides will not remedy what needs improvement, or bring hard work to a satisfactory conclusion.

REGARDING this matter the official letter of the Holy Father to the hierarchy of the United States was not silent. After retracing the history of the university, His Holiness declared: "Do not for a moment imagine, beloved sons and venerable brothers, that you can keep your Catholic students from attending non-Catholic institutions of learning unless your own university be so organized as regards the number of its faculties or the ability of its professors, that it can compare favorably and compete successfully with those others to which we have referred." The papal letter goes on to say that the need for money is very apparent. Unless the financial problems which underlie education are settled, the whole structure will necessarily remain chaotic. That such a settlement is difficult to effect under existing conditions has long since been apparent to everyone at all familiar with the situation. One feels, however, that obstacles can be surmounted by diligence and earnestness, even as one is certain that the leadership of Monsignor Ryan will prove a blessing. We know that his work, though heavy, will be performed with a stout heart. May The Commonweal offer its sincerest congratulations to him, and to him, as well, extend the promise of its wholehearted support?

FEW new books receive a welcome like that accorded to the first volume of the Dictionary of American Biography. Everyone seems to realize that a work of this character has been needed for years, and that another like it will not be inaugurated for a much longer time than it takes Halley's comet to complete its celestial circuit. There have been other dictionaries of American celebrities, but they lacked the coördination and thoroughness required in a first-rate reference book. For this new dictionary, the American Council of Learned Societies has supplied counsel and encouragement, while Mr. Adolph Ochs, on behalf of the New York Times, has furnished a financial guarantee of $500,000. It would be hard to find a better editor than Dr. Allen Johnson, who combines a sweet reasonableness with an astonishingly full knowledge of the sovereign people, past and present. Finally one ought not to overlook the contributors, many of whom are distinguished men and women willing to undertake the stiff job of writing for a book of this character without much monetary encouragement. We believe that Volume I justifies the expenditure of all this effort. It presents a varied list of citizens worthy of remembrance, outlines information regarding each in a practicable manner, and conserves a definite dignity of form. Catholic notables are represented in generous numbers, and usually the sketches are sympathetic and intelligent. Breadth and vision, in fact, characterize the whole book.

THE American missionaries of La Salette are in need of funds to construct a house for their workers in the district of Sakalavia, Madagascar, which has recently been assigned them for evangelization. Their appeal should meet with a quick response, inasmuch as patrons may be assured that they are not contributing to an experiment. Although the Americans have not previously had control of a district, they have been assisting the French branch of their order for some years with good results, and have proved ability to adapt themselves to the unusual and difficult circumstances of Madagascar. Success in Sakalavia, which is inhabited by aborigines, and is described as one of the wildest and most savage parts of the island, will be a real achievement for the American fathers. There can be little doubt that they will carry it through, for their efforts will be directed by Father Breault, once of Rhode Island, who has been made familiar with conditions in Sakalavia through annual apostolic visits. He has chosen Morondava, on the Mozambique Channel, as the centre of activities, and it is there that the new house will be erected.

THE ravages of no greater a beast than the pine beetle have prompted the sale of timber in the Modoc National Forest in California, thereby opening to cutting operations the largest stand of virgin timber, both in area and volume, left remaining in the United States. Before the insect became so active as to affect more than 3 percent of the timber in a single year, the Forest Service intended to preserve the area as a permanent stand of timber. There can be no criticism of its decision to sell the lumber while it is still valuable, much as everyone will regret the disappearance of so fine a forest. Control measures were out of the question, partly because of the great expenditure this would involve, and partly because private interests in charge of adjacent forests refused to coöperate in a general and expensive scheme of extermination. Let it be to the credit of the Forest Service that before allowing the timber to be sold it made some effort to save it, investigated the feasibility of controlling the ravages of the pest, and attempted to interest private owners in the possibility of preservation.

WHEN Kristin Lavransdatter appeared in an English translation some years ago, many of us felt certain that Sigrid Undset was destined to be a great name in literature. The very dimensions of this trilogy, in which a tumultuous historical setting relieved a drama tense with the meaning of existence and death, greatly impressed a generation that had been fed on little slices of life and even littler theories. Now the book has earned the Nobel Prize, and most deservedly so. Madame Undset's idealism is tragic, of course, but none the less convincingly real. It crowns the spirit of the ancient epics of her Norwegian fatherland with the new reality of Christian submission and understanding. For this decision on the

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part of the Nobel Prize committee, Catholics in particular have every reason to be grateful. The fiction of Sigrid Undset, especially her historical novels, are somewhat different in character from what is currently dubbed "religious art." But they are so true to the fundamental inspiration of the Faith and so just to the lofty demands of art that cavil cannot injure them. We hope that for this woman so sorely tried by life the new honor will come as an assurance that thousands of readers are applauding, for the reason that they like to see excellent service acknowledged.

WE HAVE often been very proud of our modern conveniences, especially when talking about them in spirit with the ancient Egyptians. It seems a little odd that Pharaoh needed a hundred slaves and goodness knows how many camels to keep his drinking water fresh and cool, when all we require is a spigot labeled "ice water." But though one cannot deny the conveniences are here, some of them still cause trouble. You do have to install the telephone and light the oil burner. Upon these defects of contemporary civilization the future will doubtless look back with mingled scorn and sympathy. For what that future will be is clearly indicated by the advent of the Nova Electro-Switch Clock, which is advertised as "the watch-dog of radio programs." Not that it barks or chews up your bedroom slippers. "This remarkable little device," we are informed, "turns your radio receiver on and off at any prearranged time—automatically." That, as the headwaiter would say, is service. Now for the devices that will turn everything else on and off, and we shall be comfortable. But things are going to be harder and harder for the member of the family who doesn't want to be lulled to sleep by favorite melodies, or aroused by WEAF. Perhaps—who can be sure?—he will simply be automatically shunted off to a desert island.

IT SEEMS a long while since we first opened the famous book in which a lad announces that his name is Percy Wynn. But the years have not sufficed to dim the charm of this same Percy, or of his friends, Tom Playfair and Harry Dee. They are among the immortal boys of literature even though (as might also be said of Tom Brown or Huck Finn) they probably couldn't have been found in real life. Now comes the news that their creator died in Cincinnati on November 21, and that if he had lived a few months longer he would have been looking back over fifty years in the Jesuit order. That half-century was replete with much else besides literature—teaching, studying, directing musical organizations, active parish work under difficult conditions. Father Finn was always a priest, and priests are never content with mere writing. One is, however, astounded, at the number of books which he managed to publish. Perhaps there were too many of them, seeing that no author on record has managed to write more than two excellent juveniles. But what really matters, and always will matter, is the circumstance that this busy Jesuit blessed millions of boys with stories which have tickled them down to the toes without ever failing to encourage them in manliness, generosity and virtue. These narratives have done much to correct among Catholic boys a tendency which is brought to light by an anecdote once related by Shane Leslie. The cricket captain at Beaumont, venerable English Catholic college, having sent a challenge to Eton, an answer came in the form of a question, "What is Beaumont?" Whereupon the captain replied :"Beaumont is what Eton was—a school for Catholic gentlemen."

THE dates of Father Finn's life are suggestive of much that is interesting. Born in St. Louis on October 4, 1859, he had finished college and joined the Jesuits when he was twenty. Almost immediately there began a fight against ill health which lasted through life. In 1881 he went to Saint Mary's College, then a struggling little educational outpost in Kansas, partly to teach and partly to drink in the invigorating air which is supposed to rush over the prairie. Here he made the contact with boarding school existence which interested him so much and simply forced him to write. Percy Wynn made his bow to the public in 1890, since which time Saint Mary's has thriven mightily. Other characters appeared in rapid succession, but by 1898 Father Finn had assigned literature to free hours and undertaken, in connection with Saint Xavier's parish school, Cincinnati, what was really social work on a new and appealing plan. This Jesuit parish had once catered to the wealthier burghers, but prosperity increased and left it stranded downtown amid the houses which only immigrants would live in. How energetically Father Finn set to work building up a free school which later developed into a centre for all kinds of human reclamation activity is a story which somebody else must write. It was a splendid career, which men and women will remember for various reasons, every one of them akin to profound gratitude.

THE revival of interest in astrology has won no meaner an apologist than Rudyard Kipling. Before the Royal Society of Medicine he argued that the ancient healer who sought astral guidance was not so absurd a figure as one might think. And he declared that an old astrologer returning to earth would not be surprised at the powers of electricity, believing as he did in emanations and influences, but would be amazed that despite the manifestation of these marvels scientists might still mistake secondary for primary causes, "and attribute to instant visible agents of disease, unconditioned activities which, in truth, depend on some breath drawn from the motion of the universe." But perhaps we misrepresent Mr. Kipling. In all, he was not so interested in showing that the astrologer was right as in persuading the physicians

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to accept the possibility that he was not entirely wrong. It is proper, of course, that a poet should feel humble before the stars and attempt to induce a similar feeling in others. They and their influences are as necessary to his business as they are to the astrologer's. If anyone thinks that it is as easy to sing about a trypanosome as it is about Orion, let him try it. Mr. Kipling's remarks are not so unique as they are edifying: it being very good to see gratitude go where gratitude belongs.

DISSENSION in the ranks of the Church and Drama Association! Mr. Channing Pollock, charging that the organization is controlled by sensitive-skinned rich men, resigned the membership and directorship which he has held since its foundation in 1926. Mr. Pollock had other things to say, chiefly that the influences in control of the Association are leading it to support "dull and inane trivialities," and that, to the best of his recollection, "not one play so recommended has been of the least consequence." Dr. George Reid Andrews, executive director, said in reply that "a sincere purpose, however noble, cannot atone for poor art," and that the decision to withhold endorsement of Mr. Pollock's current play had been made at the recommendation of four representatives, and not of a "certain rich man" who had been offended at its thesis, as Mr. Pollock charged. Few will refrain from chuckling over the resultant situation, precipitated as it may have been by the desire to gain publicity for the play. We should regret to discover that the quarrel is a serious one, inasmuch as Mr. Pollock is certainly one of the dramatists most interested in the purposes which led to the existence of the Church and Drama Association. Strife in the camp of the righteous is always a painful spectacle, as the stars must have observed during the course of that famous affair between the angels.

WHEN the American Federation of Labor convenes in New Orleans the critical wing, so rumor has it, will be considerably in evidence. Prosperity is all very well, but it has not deprived the organized worker of something to think about. He has had abundant opportunity to observe the extraordinary power of injunctions in the ordinary economic dispute, and he realizes that this is more and more hampering his ability to act. How to band together the loose of foot is another problem for which no easy solution is in the offing. Finally, the ratio between man and the machine figures prominently in every social welfare report. To this last question Mr. C. J. Freund, whose paper The Commonweal is publishing this week, has devoted considerable attention. We believe that Mr. Freund is sincerely interested not only in the welfare of labor but in the attainment of justice as such. He offers no general panacea, and no survey of the economic universe, but his gleanings from experience are suggestive of remedial possibilities.

LOVE AND CURSES

IT NOW seems generally agreed that it is good for the nations to love one another, and that war between them is not the glorious thing that some school books imply. The unanimity with which Armistice Day speakers and writers offered peace on earth as a romantic ideal and condemned war as a principle of perverted economics should leave no further doubts. Nowhere was better work done than in this country. Roger W. Babson pointed out that if the $3,000,000,000 spent annually by the United States, directly or indirectly, for war, were put to other uses we could build three times as many new roads each year or maintain twice as many schools, double our shipping and canal property, multiply by two our telephone system, buy twice our present stock of imported merchandise or increase our supplies of mineral products three times. In Washington, President Coolidge observed that "Every dictate of humanity constantly cries aloud that we do not want any more war." And in New York Secretary Kellogg insisted that "If the people are minded that there shall be no war, there will not be." The only word left unspoken was the conclusion which follows from Mr. Kellogg's major premise and his executive superior's minor.

Indeed the very opposite was indicated. In justifying the provisions of his peace pact, Secretary Kellogg said: "It seems to me incomprehensible that any nation should believe that a country could be deprived of its legitimate right of self-defense. No nation would sign a treaty expressly or clearly implying an obligation denying it the right to defend itself if attacked by any other country." In emphasizing the right of self-defense he implied the possibility of attack, and the identical fear was in President Coolidge's mind when he stressed the need for an efficient navy. Representing the men who fought in the war, the commander of the American Legion declared in Chicago that, until peace is assured, his organization "insists upon an adequate national defense which embodies the principle of universal draft."

Turning to those essays and speeches which looked for inspiration not to the future but to the past, and especially to the events of the war, we find some statements which may well serve as corollaries to the remarks of the President, the Secretary of State and the commander of the Legion. The turning-point of the war was a favored topic. Americans found it in the expeditious manner in which the army of General Pershing was transported to France; English in the 1916 Battle of the Somme, in which British troops bore the larger burden; French in the first Battle of the Marne, for which the lion's share of the glory goes to France, and Italians in the entry of their country on the side of the Allies. Only the Belgians agreed with anyone else, and they thought as did the Americans. Thus jealousy flourishes as vigorously as

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ever. We are agreed that war is an uncivilized way of reaching an agreement, but we are still nationally minded. And here perhaps is the rusty fact that escapes control and leaves unestablished the premises of our syllogism.

It is obvious that speeches and pacts cannot eliminate national jealousies, although the latter may do the good work of holding them temporarily in abeyance. If economic needs are responsible for these jealousies, it is also apparent that the end of war will be dictated only by an international economic development. There seem to be indications that the very desires which have demanded war as the means to their satisfaction are becoming hostile to it, but perhaps this is only a case of the wish being father to the thought. Certainly it is not yet true in the Orient, nor, considering the state of the Balkans and Central America, is its presence to be more than hopefully suspected in the West. But the tremendous advance of industry in the past ten years, invading many a country that before the war was considered hopelessly backward in this respect, does seem to augur a time when hunger and greed will find peaceful instruments of gratification which will be more powerful than the sword. In that case, Professor Babson might have a chance to vindicate his figures.

A MEXICAN DOCUMENT

FOR the sake of a clear record, we wish to publish a document of unusual importance relative to the situation in Mexico. Conflicting reports as to what demands have actually been made by Catholics in that unfortunate country have appeared in various places. The following "declarations" constitute the official program of the Mexican Catholic Defense League, and have been sanctioned by members of the hierarchy resident in Mexico as well as by prominent lay leaders. They were forwarded to the Holy See and we believe we may say that they were, at least indirectly, approved. The document comes to us from a source for the honesty and competence of which we vouch without any hesitation whatsoever. It should possess a real interest for all who have not forgotten that the social problems fomented by the action of President Calles are in the background of what is, from the point of view of the United States, the ugliest situation on the immediate horizon.

"I. That (we) Mexican Catholics do not want or ask for anything but liberty:

"Liberty and independence for the Church without any privileges whatsoever: such a liberty as is enjoyed by the Catholic Church in the United States. This is not asking too much, because in Mexico the majority of the inhabitants are Catholics; whereas in the United States Protestants predominate.

"Freedom of conscience, which is fundamental because the contrary is oppression and tyranny. In all these subjects it may be well to refer to the admirable and well-founded pastoral letter of the hierarchy of the United States on the religious situation of Mexico, dated December 12, 1926.

"Freedom of worship as it is practised in the United States and all other free countries having liberal constitutions.

"Freedom of education, which is indispensable if the Church is to fulfill her mission, is one of the conquests of modern civilization, and without which the advancement of a people is impossible.

"Freedom in the professions, a right which cannot be denied to human liberty properly understood, without which there can be no real progress, and in which the state should never intervene, excepting in matters pertaining to the common weal, as wisely explained by the American Catholic hierarchy in the above-mentioned pastoral letter with convincing and well-founded arguments.

"Freedom of thought, of speech, and of the press, true and effective for all, intimately related to the freedom of conscience. This is also one of the principles of modern civilization.

"Liberty to acquire, possess, administer and dispose of personal and real property, equal for all and so also for religious associations, because without such liberty it would be impossible for these properly to maintain their institutions of learning and of charity, and fully to develop their program of action.

"II. That we demand these liberties for all; therefore the cause for which we labor is the same for Catholics and Protestants and for all men who profess any religious belief, and in general for all civilized men: and because of this fact, every honest man should help us attain these liberties regardless of his religious denomination.

"III. That it is not true, as asserted by Ambassador Tellez, that the Calles government has done nothing but enforce the laws of 1857 and the reform. It has also tried to put into effect those of 1917 and corresponding regulations of the present revolutionary period, which are more radical and hostile to the Catholic Church, as can be readily ascertained by a careful perusal of both statutes.

"IV. That it is not true, as has been said in the American press and reiterated by Calles in his manifesto issued on July 18, 1928, after Obregon's assassination, that the revolutionary principles were definitely affirmed in the popular conscience eighteen years ago; because the people neither voluntarily, nor by conviction, have accepted those principles, which have been imposed upon them by the force of arms.

"V. That (we) all Catholics, the clergy and the laity, are fully disposed to coöperate in the reconstruction of our country whenever we have an honest government that will really labor for the common weal and grant all inhabitants (of Mexico) all those guaranties they are rightfully entitled to; for we are not, and never have been, obstructionists, but lovers of true progress in all orders of human endeavor."

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THE NEW NIGHT MAIL

By GEORGE E. ANDERSON

SOMETHING over a quarter of a century ago Rudyard Kipling wrote and published a great short story entitled The Night Mail. It described the trip of an imaginary airship carrying mail from his beloved England to the United States in a night. As a story it was excellent; as an outline of possibilities it was regarded as a fanciful flight of the imagination. Doubtless we have yet to go a long way in aeronautics before a night mail for Europe may be realized; yet so far as time and distance are concerned we have commenced to realize it in our own country. In our new night air mail service distance still must be broken for safety and convenience; and until it is no longer necessary to confine mail flights to great kangaroo hops across the country, trans-Atlantic mails by air will not be realized. In the element of time we are already coming within the range of the flight of Kipling's imagination.

So far as trans-Atlantic mail and passenger service is concerned, it is doubtful if recent developments have given much cause for congratulation. The ocean has been spanned several times in planes but at a terrible cost in human life. The recent voyage of the Graf Zeppelin may be counted a success in some respects, but the time consumed in the voyage together with the uncertainty and risk attending it give little practical promise with lighter-than-air craft. It is difficult to evaluate properly or rationalize most recent trans-Atlantic flights. No one would willingly place any obstacle in the way of the advance and development of aeronautics even when such advancement and development are secured at considerable cost. On the other hand it is difficult to defend, much less approve, the constant attempts at transoceanic flight based upon mere notoriety seeking, with inadequate equipment and preparation and with no sound and definite scientific or practical object in view. In the original accomplishment of the inimitable Lindbergh there are romantic elements which have appealed to the imagination of the world and a practical element represented by the proof that such a flight was possible. But with the possibility of trans-Atlantic flights thus established it seems an unnecessary tempting of fate to attempt further flights of this sort until there is adequate reason therefor. From the tragic and pathetic results of so many other attempts to span the oceans by air has come a revulsion of popular feeling which is destroying much of the glamour and romance of flying.

Contrasted with the situation of transoceanic flying, however, is the extraordinary development of the air mail service of the United States. Herein is abundant romance—romance which is spectacular enough to satisfy the adventurer and the dreamer but withal romance founded upon practical success. A short time ago the writer spent an evening boating upon the Potomac River below Washington. It was a calm summer evening with the starry firmament at its best. About eleven o'clock a light, at first apparently that of a great star, appeared in the heavens to the northeast. It grew brighter and slowly moved toward the observer. As it came nearer it dropped lower in the heavens and commenced to pass in a great circle above us. Over on the east side of the river a large field was suddenly illuminated and our moving object circled until it showed the signal lights of a plane which gradually approached the landing field and gently glided to earth. Ten minutes or so after the plane landed it reappeared, skimming along close to the ground until it gradually attained altitude and then circling until it was able to take a direct line to the southwest. It was the night air mail from New York to Atlanta—a beautiful sight in its setting and in its romantic appeal. Yet it was only one of dozens of such landings taking place that same evening at about the same time all over this broad land of ours—romantic in a way, commonplace in a way, typical of the new order of things.

It is a little over ten years since the first air mail in the United States was established. This service was inaugurated between New York and Washington on May 15, 1918, with the War Department furnishing the planes and the pilots and the Post Office Department the ground service. Many a mile has been flown in that ten years, not always with success. But what was a mere experiment ten years ago has become a rather giant-like enterprise. A transcontinental service was experimentally established in 1920 but it was not until July 1, 1924, that the Post Office established a regular seven-day service between New York and San Francisco. Four years later, in July of the current year, there were twenty-six air-way operating concerns operating thirty-two routes aggregating 15,869 miles, and 31,240 miles were flown daily. The mail was carried over twenty-seven routes covering 11,764 miles and 24,964 miles were flown daily—almost exactly once around the world every day in the year. There are now in actual operation, or to be put into operation within a few weeks, more than thirty such passenger, express and air-mail routes in the country serving some three dozen states, and the aggregate volume of mail alone carried by these air services will be the equivalent of 100,000,000 letters.

What is more significant, perhaps, is that the services, which up to a few months ago were confined to routes between several large cities and between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, are now extended to almost every part of the nation. There are now in the United States more than a thousand regular airports,

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with as many more auxiliary fields and airports in course of location and preparation. One-third of these fields are owned by municipalities as accepted public necessities. Air mail service is no longer an experiment. The hum of the plane, heard all over the land and, once regarded as a novelty, now has the momentary interest of a passing express train. Our whole nation is rapidly becoming "air minded." Our newspapers give pages to the subject of aviation. With the opportunities for successful development of airplane services in the United States it would be unreasonable that it should be otherwise. Nor is American enterprise in such lines confined to our own borders. As the services have been developed within the United States they have been and are still being extended outside the limits of the country. Air mail service between cities of the United States and Canada and Mexico is now in operation. Services to the West Indies and Panama are being extended.

It is now over a year since the government of the United States went out of the mail route operating business and turned the last of its mail-carrying services over to private concerns under contract with the Post Office Department. At the time the change was made, in September, 1927, night flying had been started and had proved successful; mail was carried across the continent from New York to San Francisco in a little more than thirty-three hours. At the time this is written, in mid-October, the Post Office Department is preparing to establish a twenty-four-hour service from New York to San Francisco and in the opposite direction, in which the mail will be started early each morning from either terminus so that it can be delivered the next day during business hours—twenty-four hours from New York to San Francisco, one business day en route. Swing the service around with New York as a pivot and we reach London in about thirty-two hours, Madrid in about the same time, Rio de Janeiro in about thirty-six hours—all these in but one business day en route and all possible when we can get rid of the kangaroo habit of short jumps in the air mail service. The necessity of short stages in the journey—herein lies the rub. But in the face of the progress made in the air mail service of the United States within even the past year or so, who will be so rash as to declare any obstacle insuperable?

One feature of the American air mail service which merits particular attention is the fact that it is a financial success based upon sound business principles. There is nothing artificial or temporary about it. It is the product of no special stimulant. It has been without government subsidy and upon a strictly commercial and competitive basis. There has been great development of air travel and air express services in Europe, but always with government subsidies. Great Britain has subsidized Imperial Airways, Limited, upon a generous though decreasing scale. France has subsidized its air lines to the extent of 115,000,000 francs for the current year. Germany has given its air lines a national subsidy of 43,803,500 marks for the current year with municipal and other local aids amounting to as much more. The notable Dutch lines operate under government aids and guarantees. Of the twenty-six concerns in the air transport business in the United States at the close of the last fiscal year, ten or more are making a profit and the profit of eight lines operated at a profit last year averaged 28.06 percent on their investment. The other lines are rapidly developing business, largely on the basis of increased use of the air mail, in a way that will render all of them profitable within a few months. At present, commercial aviation in the United States on an average is more profitable than the American merchant marine. Its prospects for further profits are more promising than those of the merchant marine. The result is that American finance is taking notice. Air mail securities are commencing to have real value.

There have also been repeated reductions in the cost of the service. When the air mail was first established upon a national basis the charge for postage was fixed upon zone limits. It cost a certain amount to forward a letter to the limits of the first zone, so much additional to the limits of the second zone and so on, until a transcontinental letter cost about $0.50 for the first half-ounce. As the service developed, however, it was found feasible to discard the zone system and establish a flat rate of $0.10 for a half-ounce at any distance. So great was the profit of the government under the unexpected development following this reduction that last spring the Post Office Department was able to take the next important step in the popularizing of the service by announcing a flat rate of $0.05 for an ounce at any distance. There was more to this reduction than a mere favorable change in postal rates. The reduction lies at the very fountainhead of American success in a thousand lines. It is another phase of the old story of American business methods—a small profit on a large volume of business rather than a large profit on a small volume of business. Incidentally it established the air mail service as a popular institution, a service for the man in the street.

It is a story of growth, this romance of the air mail. Back of the operation of these lines of the air are tales of loyalty, fidelity, hardihood, bravery, intelligence and heroism which in the aggregate have few parallels in history. Not much in the way of stunt flying is recorded in these annals. The record is one of remarkable, dependable, steady service. Moreover, considering the immense mileage covered and the number of flights made over mountain and stream, in storm or in sunshine and in every season of the year, this service has been accompanied with remarkably few accidents. The air mail service of the United States has done more to demonstrate the comparative safety and dependability of the airplane as a public servant than any other development in the science and practice of aeronautics.

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IF I WERE A LABOR UNION LEADER

By C. J. FREUND

"IF YOU were a labor union leader," some readers may answer even before I begin, "you would be and act just exactly like most other labor union leaders." Much would depend, of course, on the union but if I were an official of any one of a number of unions which have not kept pace with the growth of the industries to which they belong, I would at least try to do things somewhat differently, because I am convinced that if they are ever to prosper and accomplish anything for their members, certain changes must be made in their methods. Most of these changes could not be made in a year or two; to make all of them would be the work of a lifetime. I appreciate the obstacles of tradition, deep-seated feeling and the ordinary union attitude toward officials with extreme views, but I would try to make a start.

Employers and labor unions have usually been antagonistic. In most American manufacturing industries the employers are in power and the unions are out. The great corporations are extremely powerful and constantly become more so. There is nothing to indicate a change in these conditions for years to come and it is unlikely that the unions will be able to gain anything by a display of strength. Sociologists, many economists and intellectuals in general favor organized labor but these do not employ union working men nor pay their wages, and for the time being can give the labor organizations little practical help. It appears that public opinion tends to approve unionism but the tendency is only beginning, exerts little influence as yet, and only too often what has been gained in this direction is lost again by acts of violence or a disregard of public welfare.

Accordingly, if I were a leader of a machinists' union, for instance, I would admit the weakness of the organization and would try to win from the employers what cannot be forced from them. I would cultivate their good-will.

Employers, like other people, are instantly on the defensive when threatened but generous enough to those who try to help them. Consulting engineers, appraisers, advertising counsel, bankers, attorneys, these and many others receive tremendous amounts of money from corporations for their services, but they coöperate with the employer, sincerely try to promote his advantage and invariably are able to prove to him that they have saved him money, regardless of the amount of their fees. Hence my union would discard antagonism and adopt a spirit of coöperation; I would have the members look upon the union not as a defensive and offensive weapon but as an instrument of service to industry. I would induce them to forget the idea that they are a class by themselves with grievances against society in general and employers in particular, and would convince them that they have nothing to gain by sulking while the rest of the industrial world goes merrily on. It is doubtless true that industry has not deserved this of the union. But neither has industry deserved it of the engineers, attorneys and others. These find it profitable to be of service to industry; so would the union.

The first step in bringing about the new order of things would be reconstruct the organization internally. For a time the external relations of the organization would be maintained only, and no attempt would be made to extend them. Economic advantage would not be sought and propaganda would be put aside for the time being. All efforts would be concentrated on the development of the members as workmen and the stimulation of their interest in their trade. The union would gradually be changed into a great association of mechanics, similar in aim and structure to the great societies in the medical, legal and other professions. Even the name "union" would gradually be discontinued and "association" substituted.

Regular meetings would continue to be held, but there would be less and less rousing of union consciousness and more and more discussions of trade and technical problems. Such discussions would, of course, need to be made as fascinating as the "all standing together for the cause" sort of thing, but they could easily be made so. Experts could be called in to describe new processes. Salesmen would be more than willing to explain and demonstrate new machines. In fact, the manufacturers of the machines would gladly send instructors to the meetings to teach union members how to operate them. By means of special lectures and motion pictures, the members could be kept informed regarding the latest developments in trade and industry. A clearing house of technical and trade information would be established, and there would be a regular question box conducted by men of unquestioned authority. Prizes would be awarded to the winners of contests in trade skill, such as are now common for apprentices in some trades, and there would also be prizes for the best papers on assigned trade topics. In this way there would be built up among the members a new spirit and a new pride in skill and workmanship.

This done, I would go to the closed shop employers, those with whom agreements already existed, and announce the new order of things if, indeed, they had not already noticed it. I would go to them as the representative of a body of workmen to offer them service of a kind not provided before. I would guarantee a certain proportion of mechanics of the highest skill and would establish tests by which all other men in the shop would be classified. These tests would be

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made in the shop on the employer's machinery, upon regular work and under the direction of union officials in the shop. If any of this work were spoiled, the association would stand the loss of time and material and the operating expense of the machines. Regular examinations would be held for workmen who sought promotion to a higher classification and schools would be held in preparation for such examinations, either in the public or vocational schools or in the shop outside of working hours.

Much of the time at the regular meetings of the union, or association, officials in the shop would be devoted to teaching the workmen to take the utmost care of machinery and equipment, something which the average mechanic does not learn at the present time. Each man's responsibility for his own machine would be pointed out to him and he would be told the value of machinery, the great cost of repairs and the rapid depreciation resulting from neglect. A mechanic ordinarily has no idea of the value of machinery and can hardly be made to realize that thousands of dollars may be invested in a machine which appears quite simple to him. Violation of regulations for the proper care of machinery would be punished by fines and repeated offenses would merit suspension and expulsion.

At the same time, the association official in the shop would undertake a campaign for the prevention of waste. It is impossible to estimate the daily loss in an ordinary manufacturing plant due to waste of raw material, waste of supplies, waste of light and power and more than all these, waste of time. Conscientious workers waste five and ten minutes here and there almost without knowing it and others idle away fifteen minutes or a half-hour whenever the opportunity presents itself. It has been estimated that every gainfully employed person in the United States loses an average of $1.00 per day by avoidable waste. The Department of Commerce places the annual waste in American industry roughly at a billion dollars. The association officials would urge the establishment of a salvage department in the plant and the payment of bonuses to those workmen who produce a minimum of spoiled work. The need for preventing waste would be made one of the principal topics for discussion at the regular meetings.

After the members of the association had become well adjusted to the changes already introduced, I would undertake what would probably be the most difficult task of all, the teaching of the principle that each worker by the day should, within reason, do the most work possible per day. Undoubtedly I would have my troubles because such a principle is not traditional with most labor organizations. However, other innovations would have prepared the members, and I would point out to them that there is probably nothing which they and their association could do which would be so effective in gaining the good-will of the employer. It would prove to him the genuine interest of the association in his welfare, would win his confidence in the association and he would classify the association with those other outside agencies, bankers, advertisers and others, already mentioned, whom he trusts and whom he is willing to pay generously for their services.

While the workmen and the association officials in the plant would be primarily interested in the matters already discussed, all would make it a point, whenever possible, to suggest to the management improvements in machinery or process whereby quality might be improved, quantity increased or costs reduced.

It is needless to say that by these methods the association would build up manufacturing organizations of much greater efficiency than had been thought possible before. Cost figures would be the best possible evidence of the beneficial effect of the association and, after an examination of the cost records, I would approach the employers with a request (not a demand) for an increase in pay for the workers for no reason other than that they deserved it by their increased efficiency. Influenced by their new attitude, the employers would doubtless grant a reasonable increase in pay because such increase would certainly be only a part of the total saving effected in the plants. A man who is paid $0.80 per hour to operate a machine which costs $15.00 per hour to run, exclusive of his wages, would very probably save much more than his wages by a careful application of the lessons taught him by his association under the new dispensation.

Having thus brought about a new spirit and a higher morale in the association, especially by a universal increase in wages, and having secured the confidence and enthusiastic support of the employers with whom agreements had always existed, the association would be ready for expansion. The first thing to do would be to modernize the exterior and visible features of the organization. Offices would be established in the downtown sections of the cities in a business atmosphere, and would be placed in charge of smart representatives who would be at no disadvantage among business people and at the same time would be on excellent terms with the members of the association. As an indication of good-will the association would be incorporated, and would thus assume full responsibility for all its accredited representatives.

Thereupon officials of the association would go out to open shop employers, would offer to them the services of the association in operating their plants and would secure permission from them to solicit memberships among their employees. As a matter of fact, both employees and employers would probably be willing that the entire working force should join in a body. The association officials would point out to these employers that they simply could not afford to continue operating except under contract with the association, and would prove their contention by presenting figures showing the savings in actual dollars

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and cents in the closed shops. In fact, the enthusiastic testimonials of employers operating plants under contract with the association would very probably induce many of their friends operating open shops to request an arrangement with the association long before they were approached in the matter. The association officials would approach employers on the same basis as accountants, consulting engineers and others. They would demand high pay for their workers but would guarantee reduction in operating cost far in excess of the increased wages.

The new association would enjoy a growth and a success which the old labor unions could never hope for. The new spirit of sympathy and helpfulness between organized workingmen and employers would gradually stir all in the trade or industry, until membership became universal and made possible the enthusiasm and pride which have so often been ascribed to the mediaeval guilds and which the modern organizations have made their ideal.

"But long before this you would have lost your position as labor leader," readers will tell me once more. Perhaps I would, but a leader of very exceptional ability and genius for leadership could complete such a program, and the unions are in need of exceptional leadership. The exceptional leader would need to proceed somewhat as suggested; certainly, nothing can be accomplished by standing on dignity and alternating between hopeless thrusts at the employers and not quite so hopeless bids for public sympathy.

THE GHOST OF BAPTISM RIVER

By VINCENT ENGELS

PEOPLE do not believe in ghosts, he said, because they are afraid to. And the only reason for fearing ghosts is in the superstition which connects them with the night—a dark night, usually, and inclement weather. Actually, the only ghosts I have ever known were diurnal visitants. They came in the full light of the sun, when one could look clearly into their eyes, thus meeting them on the same terms with which one makes a new acquaintance among the living. As a matter of fact there was nothing to distinguish them from the living. The pale luminescence which is supposed to envelop ghosts at night could not, of course, be observed by day, and so one could know they were ghosts only through some chain of attendant circumstance. When this is absent they pass unrecognized, and we must meet them every day on crowded street corners, in smoking cars, shops and libraries.

One day, for instance, I was fishing the Baptism River. You don't know it?

> Mumbling among its caverns hollowly,
> Shouldering its emerald sweep through cragged cascades
> In a flood of wafted foam . . .

Now on this day it was not emerald as Lew Sarett described it, and as it often is. For the rains had been heavy, and the water was high, almost to my arm-pits. Consequently it was rushing over many granite ledges ordinarily beyond its reach and its color was red, burnished copper red with streaks of gold. The day, too, was red and gold, as it frequently is in the valleys of this part of the world where the sun is reflected from the tops of granite mountains all about you. And—I am not inventing a pattern, but merely remarking a coincidence—I was casting a Parmachene Belle, which may be roughly described as a red and gold fancy.

The sun was climbing too high for successful fishing, and I thought in a vague way of leaving the stream. There was a slumbrous warmth on the valley, and not the least wind. This, with the water sliding over the stones in a soft monotone, conspired to make me drowsy despite the cool pressure of the current on my waders. "Pretty soon," I thought, "I shall have a lunch, and rest by some shady tree until the sun drops, or a cloud comes up. Around the next bend, maybe." When I got there I looked for a good place to climb out. A flat rock jutting from the left bank seemed to offer the best opportunity, and I had worked within three feet of it before I noticed that it was already occupied by a snake. Motionless during my advance, he had now raised his head, and was regarding me out of glittering eyes. My first thought was to scare him off with the tip of my rod, but when I looked closer and marked the flat triangular head and the diamond body markings, I knew that I had to deal with a copperhead, and a big one for the species; an old male, probably bull-headed and accustomed to domineering, who would be most unwilling to leave his sunny rock. He had me at a disadvantage, too, for the height of the rock and my position in the water placed him on a level with my ribs. Bad enough to have such a fellow at your heels; to find him scrutinizing your chest and throat in such a cold, businesslike way produces sensations of the most disagreeable kind.

So I was more than willing to withdraw without a contest, and leave him in full possession of the honors of the field. But the situation was more complicated than it may seem. Feeling that it was highly desirable to keep an eye on him, I did not care to turn my back and go downstream. I could not retreat by backing up, since it is impossible to wade a trout stream in reverse. I could not cross to the other bank, the pool in that direction being too deep for wading. The only course was to advance, although this would bring me even closer than I was to the copperhead's strong-

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hold. Meanwhile he awaited my decision as confidently as the British on Gibraltar.

As a precaution I unstrung my landing net and held it against my breast, saying, "One move, mister, and I'll slap this over your ugly head, sweep you into the stream, and climb up that rock myself, thus turning the tables, and neatly, too." A brave speech, but not one that truly reflected the state of my heart, or stomach, at this moment. Luckily I was not asked to live up to it. There was a movement in the bushes upstream and a man stood on the bank, a tall, spare figure; rather oldish, I judged, because of the greyness of his scraggly beard. He was dressed in loose green corduroys which made him seem a part of the verdure, and was apparently a bird-stalker, from the small field glasses which he carried in his hand.

"Hello," I said. "A friend in need. Drive this fellow away, will you?"

"What for?" he asked, and turned his glasses on the rock. "A fine specimen. He's very curious about you."

"Too curious to please me. Won't you peg something at him?"

"Only make him angry. He'll go off when he's ready. Needn't be afraid. He's only puzzled. Hasn't seen a walking fish before, nor a tree stump floating upstream."

Reassured as much by the man's simple presence as by his words, I tried to look at the snake calmly and without prejudice. I saw that he was right. The only expression in those shiny eyes was one of curiosity. But this was very new and strange to me. A curious snake was a snake with individuality. He was not merely another member of his species, to be distinguished only by size. He was set apart also by his interests, which, as in this case, might be other than reptilian interests. If he was capable of curiosity, he might be capable of enthusiasm.

I was amused and a little vain, at first, because I thought I had discovered something. But on reflection I realized that many naturalists had known this about snakes. There was Mr. Hudson, for instance, who always wrote of snakes as though they had character. In Idle Days in Patagonia he tells of a serpent-with-a-cross, a dreaded member of the rattlesnake family, who crawled between his blankets one night when he was spent with loss of blood from a bullet wound, and after passing the night with him there, glided off without attempting any injury; with, in fact, something like gratitude on its countenance for a warm bed. And you must remember the coral snake in Green Mansions who was given the all-important office of introducing the principals, and who could discern not only the permanent good-will of Rima but also the suspended ill-will of Abel. So in many other of his books there are snakes, vipers, adders, boas and what-not, all portrayed with as much character as some writers impart to dogs, say, or cats.

While thinking of these things I was watching the snake, who soon, as though he too had pursued, captured, and exhausted an idea, uncoiled and slid into the brush. At the same time the man in green stepped from the edge of the stream and disappeared. I shouted to him to wait, for I wanted to share my lunch with him, and talk awhile of snakes and other creatures of the wood. He did not reply. Supposing that he had not heard me, I splashed to the spot where he had stood and shinnied up the bank, meaning to hurry after him. But there was no broken twig, no heel print in the moss, no fallen leaf or overturned stone to show which way he had gone. I shouted again and again, but there was no answer, nor could I hear the sound of anyone moving through the undergrowth. And believe me, the bushes, vines and trees are so tangled and crowded together there that nothing but a bird, or an animal no bigger than a fox, could walk through them noiselessly.

Of course he was a ghost. No, he was not an imaginary figure. I might have come to believe so myself except for the fact that to this day I can recall the very pitch and tone and quality of his voice, his slight deprecating smile, a rent in his coat at the left elbow and notebooks bulging from his pockets. My imagination does not conjure up details so easily as all that.

And he could not have been a living person, for the reasons I have already given. Further, there was no human dwelling within a radius of thirty miles except McConley's camp where I was staying, and McConley had never seen nor heard of a man answering to that description.

I have gone back there repeatedly, hoping to meet him again. For I have an idea whose ghost it is, and I should like to become well acquainted. Some day, perhaps—

Thank you. Who would suspect that such virtue resided in the elderberry?

City-Born

Silence of alien heights . . . whisper of pines . . . from these
My heart has fled.
Mountains have frightened me, for I am city-born
And city-bred.

Place that I love—pregnant with human hopes and fears:
Swift pulse that beats,
Surging into a song that broods above the lines
Of ordered streets.

Laughter of crowds—echoing traffic—thunder of
A million cars . . .
And through the dusk the little lights that climb and climb
To meet the stars!

Silence of valleys . . . loneliness of hills . . . from these
I turn my face . . .
Oh, songs and lights—oh, city, holding all my heart
In your embrace!

CATHERINE PARMENTER.

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OUR CHANGING MORALITY

By D. W. FISHER

THE great German philosopher, Immanuel Kant, reasoned from ethics to theology, as, in effect, Luther had done before him. In brief, Kant argued that if there is any true and valid sense in what men call morality in this world, then man must be a free agent, he must be immortal, and God must exist, in order to remedy the inequities and injustices which the man of moral purpose all too often suffers on earth.

And Kant had no doubt that morality is valid and binding on us, and is known to us to be such. He sometimes speaks as though this morality is rooted in the perception of a supreme good, variously characterized as good-will, as rational life, or as human life in an ideal sense of the term. Again he speaks as though morality stems from a direct perception of duty, of an absolute and unconditioned command, the famous categorical imperative. But in any case it never occurred to Kant to question that morality is a majestic and inescapable thing, known to the human consciousness more certainly than the rock of Gibraltar.

In one place he formulates the central content of this morality in this wise:

> So act that you treat humanity, both in your own person and in the person of others, always as an end, and never merely as a means. [Grundlegung, page 54.]

All this seemed inescapable to Kant. Living as he was in Königsberg, toward the end of the eighteenth century, he could not imagine anybody so impudent as to question the authority of the categorical imperative, stern daughter of the voice of God. As we said, all this was axiomatic to him, and this doubtless does credit to his moral perceptions, and testifies to his own good-will.

But how do we stand today? Now that the enthusiasm for liberty, fraternity and equality generated by the French Revolution has passed into history and been succeeded by Darwinism, the world way, the Bolshevik revolution and Coolidge prosperity, how does all this begin to look to the average man of this age? I fear that it begins to look vastly different to him. I doubt that he holds a moral creed which even faintly resembles the principles that Kant held.

What, indeed, would happen if Kant approached the average stock-broker in New York today and said that a good will (in a moral and not a commercial sense of the term) is the one and only asset absolutely worth having? What would happen if he remarked to the average politician in Chicago that rational life is the supreme good, the summun bonum? What would happen if Kant said to the average millionaire in Pittsburgh today that humanity is a sacred and holy thing, always to be treated as an end and never merely as a means to an end?

To say the least, I predict that these people would not know what this old geezer out of the eighteenth century was talking about. All that Kant reverenced as morally axiomatic, these leather-necked citizens can deny with the greatest ease. Today the leading spirits of this country labor to build a gigantic so-called civilization, based on a flat, flagrant and impudent denial of every article of moral doctrine Kant ever believed in.

And how can a present-day Kant meet these people, and throw the fear of the categorical imperative into them? Manifestly he cannot do it. The entire superstructure of his moral philosophy comes crashing to the ground, and inevitably brings his theology down with it.

Such, broadly speaking, is the posture of moral doctrine today, in so far as it followed the lead of Kant in his herculean effort to put that doctrine on its feet. The disaster which has overtaken that doctrine, and most other modern thought as well, springs plainly from the Lutheran and Kantian tenet that man is incapable of reaching any theoretical and intellectual knowledge of God, and hence that he is thrown back entirely on the method of practical postulates, in other words, the method of faith. So long as faith is still there this scheme of thought will function, to all outward appearances at least. But when no faith is left, there is absolutely nothing left.

Some five hundred years before the time at which Kant wrote, Saint Thomas Aquinas also endeavored to lay the foundations of moral science. And, in a sense, both Kant and Aquinas started from much the same point. Both believed that a high dignity and worth is contained in man, where man is conceived in his ideal and proper nature. Both believed that rational and human life is the supreme good to which man can attain on this earth.

But the logical procedure in the one case was the exact reverse of that in the other. In the general philosophy of Aquinas the starting-point of moral science had a real foundation, whereas in Kant's it had none. Starting from man and the cosmos in general, the older thinker argued up to God, and thence he argued down to morality. He reasoned that if God is real, then morality is real and binding on the human conscience; then rational life is supremely and indeed endlessly valuable; then humanity, in some ideal sense, is a sacred and holy thing. Arguing first for the existence of a creative intelligence, he then proceeded to anchor in this intelligence both the value and the destiny of the human person.

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It has required about four hundred years, from the time of Luther to the present day, to make entirely manifest where the abandonment of a rational theology lands the human mind. By this time it grows abundantly clear that to base theological doctrine wholly on ethical doctrine is in the first place to throw away theology, and in the second place to throw ethics after it. And what the thinkers of this world throw away in doctrine, the general public will soon throw away in practice, as the events of recent years have testified all too plainly.

THE DISSECTION MYTH

By JAMES J. WALSH

AMERICAN newspapers carried recently the story of the presentation to the Library of Congress by Mr. Wilfrid Voynich, the well-known bibliophile, of an early fourteenth-century book of papal decretals. It is an illuminated manuscript on vellum of striking beauty typical of the time in which it was done. It is the sort of book for which ordinary governmental appropriations for library purposes can scarcely be expected to be adequate, and we hope that Mr. Voynich's good example will prove a stimulus to further giving of this kind for our Congressional Library needs such works to complete its collections. At the time of Mr. Voynich's gift there came also the announcement that an anonymous donor had presented the library with a copy of the printed text of this volume of decretals as it was issued in 1514. This complements the previous donation very handsomely and appropriately. While the Library now has the manuscript for exhibition and collation purposes, it provides the printed text for reference for those who may be interested in the papal legislation that is contained in this Liber Sextus of Pope Boniface VIII.

It would be easy to think that a book of papal decretals issued nearly seven hundred years ago would be of very little interest even for serious-minded historians in our time; but it so happens that this particular volume of papal legislation contains a bull that has been often referred to in recent years and has been usually thoroughly misunderstood. This is the famous bull of Boniface VIII, De Sepulturis, that is, On Burials. This bull, issued in the year 1300, is said to have forbidden dissection and all cutting up of the human body and therefore to have prevented for centuries the development of the science of anatomy, with all that that means for medicine and surgery. Indeed the prohibition is sometimes said to have hampered anatomy until our own time, when, gradually, the development of a scientific spirit minimized Church opposition and the Church simply ignored the whole matter and tolerated the practice of dissection. Many believe that this legislation still holds. When we were opening the medical school at Fordham some twenty-five years ago, a number of physician friends who were interested in the progress of the new medical school and some of whom were to have teaching positions, asked quite seriously how we would be able to manage without the teaching of dissection.

The authority for this fallacy I found was President White's book on The Warfare Between Theology and Science. He quotes quite confidently Pope Boniface's bull forbidding the cutting up of bodies, and therefore forbidding dissection. As is very clear to anyone who reads the bull itself, it was issued for the purpose of preventing a very serious abuse dangerous to health which had crept in during the later crusades. Crusaders who fell in battle or died in the crusades wanted to have their bodies buried at home in Europe, and as methods of embalming were unknown at that time, the custom arose of dismembering the bodies of the dead and boiling them and carrying them to Europe for burial. This was a hideous practice and it might easily have developed into a carrier of disease, besides. Pope Boniface VIII forbade it by his bull, De Sepulturis.

By a curious coincidence in history, it is exactly at the time when this bull was published that the first public dissections are reported in Italy. These were made in universities under charter from the Pope and with the complete approval of the ecclesiastical authorities who at that time were in control of the universities. Dissections took place in Italy continuously after that so that, before the end of the fourteenth century, literally hundreds of dissections had been made in the public teaching on anatomy. In the fifteenth century not only did medical students and physicians practise dissection, but practically all the artists devoted themselves to it also. We have 2,000 sketches of dissections made by Leonardo da Vinci. Nearly every other important Italian artist took up the practice so as to know what was beneath the skin, for that would enable him to picture it as it actually was. Italy became the home of dissection.

When Vesalius, the father of the science of anatomy, could not get material for his anatomical studies at Louvain or Paris, he went down to Italy and spent twenty-five years there, accomplishing wonderful work which made his volume on anatomy, De Fabrica Humani Corporis (1543) the bibliographic treasure of the anatomical world. So far from being the only one who went down to Italy, however, for the purpose of studying anatomy there, Vesalius had many colleagues from other countries of Europe. Linacre, the great founder of the Royal College of Physicians of London, spent some years in Italy before Vesalius and Dr. Caius, after whom Caius College, Cambridge, is named, did the same thing. He introduced dissection into England and his college at Cambridge came to be looked up to as the best preparation for the study of medicine, a sort of premedical training. The distinguished Bishop Steno or Stensen, the Dane, was professor of anatomy at Copenhagen—his portrait is there, though in the robes of a Catholic bishop, for he became a convert to Catholicity and was ordained priest and consecrated bishop for apostolic work among his compatriots as the result of his intimate touch with Italians during the period in which he was making his medical studies.

The recent gifts to the Library of Congress are valuable not only bibliographically, but they may be the symbol of the necessity for consultation of original documents in such matters. Myth-making is not confined to the religiously inclined among mankind. It can be noted just as freely at work among those who are interested in any particular subject even from the standpoint of science, but who have only a vague knowledge about it. The Church actually provided for dissection in Italy, while in England and the United States resurrectionist methods and even burking, as in Edinburgh, crept in to supply anatomical material. The bodies of paupers for many centuries were used for that purpose in Italy under the Church's patronage, while in the English-speaking countries it was not until well on in the second quarter of the nineteenth century that we had such legislation as made similar provision for our medical schools. The whole story is very interesting and these books bring it all back.

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HISTORY IN THE MAKING

By PALUEL J. FLAGG

WHO shall say that the birth of a historical event does not follow the course common to nature? An ante-partum period corresponding in duration to the significance implied in the promise, a climax when the promise becomes fulfilment, a postpartum reaction of utter fatigue, bathed, however, in the soft glow of such sweetness as only mothers know.

Our reactions varied with our several dispositions. The lady of the group promised to walk a mile for a cigarette unless one could be procured more easily. One of us was afraid to make a call which he had planned for fear that he could not leave his enthusiasm for the child behind him, and that if he brought it along with him and expanded upon it, he must needs distend until explosion followed. So—he decided that he would walk down to the aquarium—since it was such a wet afternoon. Whereupon another member of the group expressed sympathy for the poor fish, and speculated upon the queer sensations that an aquarium fish must experience if he should fail to find the usual glass to bump his head against. As for himself, he said, he felt like a canary that had been put upon the fire escape with all the world before him at last and no place to go.

And then after these symptoms of exhaustion, after spinning around for the last seventy-two hours in circles within circles each closing slowly but surely to the central climax, we each in our own way experienced that fragrance of the love that hath the right perfume. One of us, with his eyes shining, said that he felt the way he did the day he was ordained. One of us who thought he could rest in the diversion, the light and the glitter of a Broadway musical comedy, found himself walking as a stranger in the jostling throng. For the fragrance was with him and for love of it he would not pollute it. So, turning about, he made his way to a sanctuary instead, then to a confessional for grace's sake, that if possible this so sweet fragrance might grow and stay with him just one little hour more.

For the event of so historic an importance was this—the first Catholic medical relief unit, under direct orders from Rome, was on the high seas on its errand of mercy. The Vicar of Christ, through Cardinal Gasparri, Secretary of State, had wired the Near East Welfare Association to extend its aid to the sufferers in the devastated areas of Porto Rico. The Near East Welfare Association had at once turned to the Catholic Medical Mission Board for assistance in recruiting a medical unit of two doctors and four nurses for immediate service in the field.

A city-wide telephone appeal followed from the board's office long after office hours. Among the hospitals appealed to for assistance was Saint Vincent's Hospital, New York City. Each hospital was requested to supply as much of the unit as was practical. The following morning Saint Vincent's hospital called and said, "We are prepared to offer a complete unit which is ready to sail in twenty-four hours." A physician member of this unit was at the time in the Canadian woods above Montreal. Answering a midnight telephone call, he made a seventy-five-mile auto trip and arrived at the hospital at two o'clock the following morning. The balance of the unit, most of whom were recent hospital graduates, packed their bags, said a swift good-bye, posed for the press photographers, received Cardinal Hayes's affectionate blessing and, after an early morning Holy Communion, crowded into a bus with sisters, committee members and doctors and, in less time than it can be told, found themselves on board their vessel of mercy, bound for Porto Rico under orders from his Holiness the Pope. Notified Tuesday, ready for departure Thursday, sailed Saturday.

May God speed this group and prosper this vast work of which it is the new-born child. May the Rose of Sharon (the precious Chalice which held our dear Lord's ante-natal blood) the Rose of which the Word Incarnate is the fragrance, protect it and return it safe to us!

COMMUNICATIONS

THE DOCUMENTS OF INTOLERANCE

Nashville, Tenn.

TO the Editor:—As a subscriber to your magazine, I wish to call your attention to an outrageous misstatement of fact in your issue of November 7, 1928. The misstatement referred to occurs on page 12 of said issue, in an article by Victor Short, and reads as follows:

"The first large Protestant church to vote against the idea of a Roman Catholic for President was the Southern Baptist Convention, which represents nearly four millions of people. By a unanimous record (vote) they warned the Democratic party against Governor Alfred E. Smith, on religious grounds."

There is not even a semblance of truth anywhere in this statement. The question, or "idea of a Roman Catholic for President" was never considered by the Southern Baptist Convention; and the statement quoted by Mr. Short to this effect is simply a falsehood out of whole cloth. Then, it is stated that the Southern Baptist Convention "warned the Democratic party against Alfred E. Smith on religious grounds."

There are three unmitigated falsehoods in this statement: The first is, that Governor Alfred E. Smith was not mentioned in the resolutions adopted by the Convention—and these resolutions were drafted to apply to all wet candidates alike, that is to Senator Reed and Governor Ritchie, etc. The third is, that the warning issued by the Southern Baptist Convention was not to the Democratic party only, but to all political parties alike. Now here is the actual text of the resolution by the Southern Baptist Convention last May:

"Resolved that by the adoption of this report we enter into a sacred covenant and solemn pledge that we will support for the office of President, or for any other office, only such men as stand for our present order of prohibition, for the faithful and efficient enforcement of all law, and for the maintenance and support of the constitution of the United States in all its parts and with all its amendments, and that we record our fixed determination to oppose actively the nomination or the election of any candidate of the opposite type no matter by what party put forward nor on what party platform they may stand."

Now, why did not Victor Short get the actual text of the resolution of the Southern Baptist Convention? Why does he quote or claim to be quoting, the Christian Register? A simple post card addressed to the secretary of the Southern Baptist Convention, or addressed to any officer or board of the Southern Baptist Convention, would have given Victor Short a copy of the actual text of the resolution. If anyone wishes to read the whole report of the Social Service Commission, and in particular the resolution here referred to, let him mail $0.20 for postage to Dr. Hight C. Moore, secretary of the Southern Baptist Convention, Nashville, Tennessee, and

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ask him for a copy of the 1928 Annual of the Southern Baptist Convention.

Meantime, Mr. Short leaves us wondering if he has quoted the actual text in any one of his so-called "documents of intolerance," or whether he has quoted a second-hand caricature and outright misrepresentation, as he has done in reference to the action of the Southern Baptist Convention last May.

Somewhere in your journal I have seen the motto: "Get the Facts—Know the Truth." Please allow me to commend this motto to the editor of the Commonweal and to Mr. Short, in particular.

E. P. ALLDREDGE,
Secretary, Survey, Statistics and Information, Sunday School Board of the Southern Baptist Convention.

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—By way of comment on Dr. Alldredge's letter, may I remind you that at the outset of my article it was stated:

"The Commonweal, while not assuming responsibility for the correctness of each direct quotation, is prepared to vouch for the authenticity of the statements attributed to their various sources, as quoted."

The quotation to which Dr. Alldredge objects was taken from a reputable periodical published by a reputable spokesman for a non-Catholic denomination—the Christian Register, Boston, for June 7, 1928. Mr. Alldredge is perfectly correct in quoting the actual words of the resolution adopted by the Southern Baptist Convention. I was equally correct in my quotation from the Christian Register.

I might also have quoted from the Churchman (Episcopalian) for June 2: "The recent convention of Southern Baptists at Chattanooga pledged with only one dissenting voice to vote against Governor Smith, should he be nominated. . . . Very little imagination is required to estimate the uproar that would attend such a move as that by the Southern Baptists should any group of Roman Catholics take similar action." Evidently another reputable journal was misled, or else misinterpreted the Southern Baptist viewpoint.

We are thus, I may add, confronted with the difficult task of reconciling the attitude of the Baptist Convention with subsequently published comments by certain journals, unquestionably Baptist, which I have before me as I write.

For instance, the Christian Index, "organ and property of the Southern Baptists of Georgia," gave voice, on August 2, to the allegation that a large percentage of federal employees at Washington are of Catholic faith, and on being challenged, quoted as its authority the "Forum," of Washington, D. C. To what purpose it is not clear, unless it be to revive the old bogy that Catholics are plotting to seize the government. Now the word "Forum" connotes a high-grade magazine. But the Index does not mean the Forum; there is no magazine published by that name in Washington. It can only mean the Fellowship Forum, the discredited anti-Catholic weekly which published the allegation, and whose scurrilous attacks on Governor Smith and his faith constituted one of the most disgraceful features of the recent campaign.

This same Christian Index, issue of May 17, saw fit to reprint from the Baptist Message the iniquitous canard that Abraham Lincoln "foresaw a dark cloud on the horizon, coming from Rome," and after expressing the fear of a terrible war, concluded with "Popery, Jesuits and the merciless Inquisition forever swept away from this country." This canard was finally exploded by such authorities as Lincoln's own son and by his most noted biographer, Ida M. Tarbell; and repudiated even by that bitter anti-Catholic, the late Tom Watson. Yet here it is once more, printed as truth, in two southern Baptist papers.

Remembering that, officially, our southern friends were interested only in the candidates' wetness, or dryness, what of the Baptist Reflector, of Tennessee, adjuring Americans, on September 20, to "safeguard their future against the power of the Papacy," and fearing that Smith, if elected, would "betray state secrets in the confessional"?

How am I to reconcile Dr. Alldredge's delimitation of the Baptist viewpoint with the article in this same Reflector, containing such firebrand and illogical statements as "Catholics have murdered Baptists and Protestants by the thousands . . . and had they the power they would do the same today"?

And again, how am I to dovetail Dr. Alldredge's plea for fair play with the three-page bulletin issued by the Ashland Avenue Baptist Church of Lexington, Kentucky, the whole tenor of which is that one of the presidential candidates in the recent election is a Catholic and therefore should not be elected?

I wonder how Dr. Alldredge would reconcile his repudiation of all connection with bigotry with this from the Murray (Kentucky) News and Truths, which claims fealty to Baptist tradition. Speaking of what it termed a "sell-out" on the issue of "infidel, modernist" schools in Texas, it says: "The meeting was opened with prayer by a Jewish rabbi, a man who denies the deity of Christ and says He was a bastard. . . . That was as bad as the Republican convention. An Episcopal bishop, a Catholic priest, a Jewish rabbi and a Methodist bishop led the prayers. . . . If the Methodist bishop is a modernist, as someone intimated, God was insulted every morning by their pretended devotions."

Remembering that the Southern Baptist Convention did not recognize the religious issue, will Dr. Alldredge please inform the world whether the following from the leading first-page article in the Dallas Baptist Progress, which I have before me, does or does not represent true Baptist sentiment? "I am not going to vote for a Roman Catholic. . . . If Roman Catholicism would stay out of politics then I would not say this, but she has been in politics for many years and she is determined to get control of the government. And God pity us when that day comes."

Or how will Dr. Alldredge reconcile his zeal for righteousness with such disgusting statements in this same Baptist Progress as: "Don't kid yourself into the notion that Catholics are not trying to steal the country! They have swiped everything else they could get their hands on. Why, they have even stolen hell and cut up sections and sold them out to Catholic 'suckers' for money with which to furnish Popes and bishops and priests to spend in riotous living!"

Does Dr. Alldredge expect me to be so supine as not to construe a full-page article in the August 30 Western Recorder, "published," as it states, "by the Baptist State Board of Missions in Kentucky," as an attack on Smith's Church, when it is headed A Roman Catholic Throne in the White House? Or shall this same Western Recorder be permitted, unchallenged, to quote from the Baptist Advance, which in turn is quoting the "converted Catholic," a slurring attack on one of the most beautiful and solemn ceremonials having to do solely with the spiritual nature of the Catholic Church?

How can Dr. Alldredge reconcile his zeal for righteousness with such unfairness as that?

VICTOR SHORT.

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POEMS

His Rosary

The gnarled fingers of a work-eaten hand
Toy awkwardly with a circlet of black beads,
Hung at one end with a small cross.
The other large hand covers
A furrowed forehead.

You would think that he has forgotten life
In unearthly meditation
Over his whispered Aves;
But his thoughts cluster,
Like bees on a branch,
Around a blood-stained cross
Where life fights in death struggle.

A grave gapes from a sun-crusted hillside:
Cool darkness invites to rest
A weary, blood-caked body,
Nailed to a cross.

The gnarled fingers fold
Twice, three times, the small circlet
Till the cross lies uppermost
On a bed of black pebbles
In the hollow of his hand.

The hand closes caressingly.
He breathes a wistful "Amen,"
And, recalling his soul from Calvary,
He rises
To face his own life again.

J. P. ZIMMERMAN.

Comfort

My memory was a black and lonely place
  Until I set two tall white candles there
Burning for you—and all that you had meant
Of hope and promise, gladness—and despair.

Candles are lit where people kneel and pray
  To saint or God beside their golden light;
Candles burn softly by the newly-dead
  To company a watcher through the night.

Whether for shrine or tomb their flickering
  I do not understand nor greatly care:
I only know that it is not so dark
  Since I have lighted them and placed them there.

DOROTHY KARAGEORGEVITCH.

At the Temple of the Divine Julius

So it was here Marc Antony brought home
The death of Caesar over Caesar's clay,
Made his dumb wounds give utterance that shook Rome,
And stirred the very stones to smite and slay.
This was in Rome, but in his wattled hut
A farmer slept, who thought on Rome no more
Than did his ox. What though his door was shut?
The legions came and led him forth to war.

ELIOT KAYS STONE.

Pickanniny

Yo's a hansom' Nigger-chile,
Big black eyes a-prancin',
Mammy lubs to see yuh smile,
Yo's a hansom' Nigger-chile:
Break de heart-strin's arter w'ile,
Wif yo' ways so glancin'.
Yo's a hansom' Nigger-chile,
Big black eyes a-prancin'.

Set hyeah on de flo, an' play,
Mammy's cookin' dinnuh.
Nebbah see you act so gay!
Set hyeah on de flo' an' play—
Mammy's gwine a-gib you a-way,
Yuh l'il black-eyed sinnuh!
Set hyeah on de flo' an' play,
W'ile Mammy cooks de dinnuh.

Mammy'll bake a tater-cake,
(Possum's in de ovum)
Fu! mah Pickanniny's sake,
Mammy'll bake a tater-cake.
Hyeah's yo' Pa an' Uncle Jake!—
Be qui't now, mah luv'um!—
Mammy'll bake a tater-cake,
'N possum's in de ovum!

R. C. W.

Together

I cannot feel you walk indifferent
In your high place above the kingliest star,
Nor can the blinding glories round you bar
Your loving vision of my need. Content
Could not be yours who, with glad gesture, spent
To give me joy, did any strangeness mar
Our dear familiar love. Should then the scar
Of my deep wound of wanting you who went

Even without farewell, one soul-wrung day,
Be bared to chide you that you sped away
Rather shall every pang of every year,
Without your glance, your smile, your being near,
Be used to win, in your love-brooding sight,
What you would share—your morning with my night.

KATHLEEN COONEY.

Regret

Your gossamer bridge
Stretched across my path.

Being a woman,
I am grieved to see
Your frail web shattered.

I have a love for weavers,
And a grief for dreams.

ALICE E. CLEAR.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Young Love

KENNETH MACGOWAN and Sidney Ross are presenting a play by Samson Raphaelson for which they have chosen the rather curious title of Young Love—curious because of the contrast between its gentle implications and the actual theme of the play.

The comedy—for so it is called—might have been still more surprising in the days before companionate marriage became a parlor joke. It derives directly from that general level of thinking, and tries to throw a halo of sweetness and charm about a young girl whom the author calls a modern Joan of Arc, but whom an outspoken doctor would be more apt to call a pathological trouble-maker and a fool. The girl, Fay Hillary, persuades David Hallowell to try a marriage experiment with her without legal or other formalities, "just to make sure" that he would still love her. Then she gets vastly upset on finding out that the very next day she can be thrilled by the love-making of a married man, and that David can "get a kick" from kissing the married man's wife. So perplexed is she by this phenomenon that she must try still further experiments to test the reality of her love for David and his for her. The new experiment consists in a mutual exchange of rôles between girl and boy and husband and wife. Yes—it's just that kind of play, adding still more confusion to the muddle-headed ideas of today and turning every decent instinct of adolescence to mockery and scorn.

Aside from this frank warning, there is only one reason for talking further about the play—the reappearance of Dorothy Gish on the spoken stage. Why she and her husband, James Rennie, should have chosen this particular vehicle is an insoluble mystery. But that is no adequate reason for withholding a merited tribute to a very fine exhibition of acting. Miss Gish has a delightful and well-trained speaking voice and an exceedingly clear and unforced diction—both qualities rare enough these days to be notable. Besides this, she has a very simple and direct attack, so full of apparent sincerity that it makes even the preposterous situations in this play come near to a sense of reality. That renders the play all the more destructive, of course, but it emphasizes the skill of Miss Gish's acting. She is a stage personality to be reckoned with from now on. (At the Masque Theatre.)

Tonight at 12

WHILE nothing particularly scandalous actually happens in Owen Davis's new play, and the characters all turn out much better than you think they are going to, the general nature of this mystery-comedy can be determined from the opening situation. Mrs. Keith has invited three couples to her house for dinner, and the moment she has the three wives alone in the living room, she explains that her object in bringing them together is to determine which one of them has caused the alleged infidelity of Mr. John Keith. From then on, all the technique of a murder mystery is followed out, with everybody, including a maid, under suspicion. Mrs. Keith plays the rôle of district attorney, and everyone is guilty until he or she proves him or herself innocent. John Keith's son, Tony, tries to take the blame for certain suspicious circumstances on his own shoulder—and so it goes.

A rather large cast makes a good technical job of the proceedings, which, however, never seem quite real and believable. (At the Hudson Theatre.)

Jules-Bois—and the Two Helens

AT THE very time when the audiences of the Metropolitan Opera are trying to decide whether to be edified or bored with the lumbering story of The Egyptian Helen, New York is being twice treated to readings of a truly delightful and imaginative and deeply perceptive version of the same story, as related by Jules-Bois in his one-act dramatic poem, The Two Helens. The first of the two readings was on Saturday evening, November 17, at Earl Hall, in Columbia University, under the auspices of the American Society of Greek Arts and Letters.

It is worth noting that Jules-Bois' version of the two Helens considerably outdates that used in the opera. It was first presented, in fact, at that splendid centre of artistic effort in France, the Théâtre Antique d'Orange, with many distinguished artists, including Mlle. Madeleine Roch and M. Alexandre, both of the Comédie Française. It was highly praised, both for the classic simplicity of its verse and dramatic outline, and for the inherent beauty of the theme.

There has always been, it seems, in Greece, a tradition that, in some way, the Helen of Troy carried off by Paris was not, in fact, the wife of Menelaus, and that the true Helen remained in Egypt. The details of how this came about differ considerably, but in the persistence of the tradition we can see the desire of the Greeks to find a solution of the problem of beauty and evil. Jules-Bois, taking the bare outline of the legend, but writing well within the Greek spirit itself, has proposed a solution of his own—one which permits dramatic credibility and at the same time carries a philosophic thought of rich meaning.

Briefly, the Jules-Bois version is this: Helen, to rid herself of the unwelcome attentions of Paris, finds a Greek courtesan whose physical beauty bears a close resemblance to her own, and lets the unsuspecting Paris sail away with this substitute. The real Helen takes ship also, intending to return immediately after the departure of Paris. But her boat is caught in a terrific storm and driven ashore on the coast of Egypt. The old Pharaoh takes her under his protection, and she remains there for ten years, while the Trojan war is being fought, waiting faithfully for Menelaus. On the death of the Pharaoh, his son, Theonos, declares his love for Helen, asking but one thing—that if Menelaus should prove to be dead or wholly unfaithful to her, she will accept the crown of Egypt as his wife. It is at this moment that Menelaus returns, passing through Egypt on his way to Greece, and taking with him the one he believes to be the true Helen. There is a dramatic moment when the two Helens are brought face to face before Menelaus. The false Helen, with complete audacity, admits her imposture. Menelaus must choose. He does choose—but not the Helen who has remained faithful to him through a tortured decade. He chooses the false Helen, for whom, unwittingly, he has fought, whose crimes he has forgiven and whose caresses he has felt.

The true Helen is left alone in grief and despair. Theonos comes once more to offer her his life. But she cannot accept.

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by MARTIN J. SCOTT, S.J.

WITH singleness of purpose and his usual directness, Father Scott gives us a popular explanation of the Mass, which is thorough without being verbose. The origin of the Mass, the significance and symbolism of the liturgy, lights, vestments, etc., are explained in an interesting style. Large, clear type and illustrations make this a thoroughly delightful book.

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FATHER SCOTT'S RADIO TALKS, 1927-28

by MARTIN J. SCOTT, S.J.

IN PRESENTING in book-form the talks which he gave over the Paulist Radio Station WLWL, the author is yielding to a widespread request for their publication. These radio talks, which created great interest and most favorable comment, are now given to the public in permanent form. It is difficult to believe that anyone, scholar or man-in-the-street, could read these lucid expositions without conceiving clearer ideas on many modern topics which pertain to Catholicism. Father Scott is one of the most graphic and most direct writers of the day and his comments on Marriage, Divorce, Hell, Religion and Modernism and other subjects are well worth while.

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ISAAC JOGUES MISSIONER AND MARTYR

by MARTIN J. SCOTT, S.J.

A SIMPLE and unaffected story, yet deep and touching in its poignancy. Father Scott pictures for you the delicate, cultured Frenchman, accustomed to the refinements of European civilization, living amid Indian squalor, barbarism, and revolting habits. After you have followed Jogues in his various adventures to his eventual martyrdom, you place this book aside with appreciation and a deeper sympathy for the aims of your fellow-men. This book is an experience which you should not omit.

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She has sent the degraded Menelaus from her, but she can never forget the Menelaus who was once her hero and to whose memory she has been faithful all these years. Theonos kills himself at her feet. Once more she has brought tragedy and grief to those who love her. The Egyptian soldiers are ready to kill her as a person whose very presence brings evil. But she is saved by the appearance of the priestess of Isis.

It is here that we first begin to see the underlying meaning of the story of Helen. The real theme of Jules-Bois' work appears in the words of the priestess. The beauty of Helen has been too great and too true to permit her to do evil. On the other hand, her beauty is so great and so powerful that, unless it belongs only to God, it cannot but bring tragedy into the world. The resolution of her problem must come in her complete dedication of herself to God. She too must become a priestess of Isis. The play closes with Helen turning toward the portals of a supernatural life.

To my mind it is this theme, as disclosed at the very end, which lends true greatness to Jules-Bois' distinguished work. The idea that beauty in this world can be so overpowering that it can only bring evil unless yielded to the possession of God is a thought so profound and stirring that it could well form the nucleus of an entire philosophy of beauty. It has in it the core of an answer to the eternal battle between sacred and profane art and love. It touches a universal of the highest importance. One finds it, of course, implied or expressed in nearly all great literature. Implied in the literature of heroic sacrifice. Expressed in the literature of creative asceticism—as in the story of Dante and Beatrice. But it is rarely expressed with such clarity, both in words and in dramatic action, as in this poem by Jules-Bois.

The general legend of the two Helens is one which has received comparatively little attention, despite the freedom and variety of opportunity it offers the poet or the dramatist. It was well known in Greece in the time of Euripides, who used it himself. Herodotus also mentions the legend in the second book of his history, indicating among other things that it survived among the Egyptian priests themselves. Plato refers to it as well, making use of the idea that the Helen who accompanied Paris to Troy was only a phantom created by the gods. In the Jules-Bois version, then, we have something quite new in the story of the courtesan, and in the entire turn of events after Menelaus is faced by the two Helens. The play is one which should obtain a broader hearing in New York. It would seem that either Miss Le Gallienne or the Theatre Guild might find room for it in the quieter spaces of a crowded season.

"Risit Apollo!"

Ignatius' band is supping now
On scanty fare and cold;
Lean men and strong, of rigid vow,
Great hearts and courage bold.

Ignatius' band is scarcely warm,
The cold winds bite and chafe,
But listen! There above the storm
You hear the soldiers laugh!

They whistle through the rain and sleet,
They sing beneath the sun—
Teach me to laugh at what I meet,
Spaniards, as you have done!

ELEANOR R. CRAIG.

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BOOKS

Alice in the Book Shop

THERE is all sorts of a conspiracy nowadays to keep parents from forgetting that the children love to read. This year a new cargo of adventure and fantasy is competing with the treasure heaped up by story tellers of the long ago. It is simply impossible to describe everything, and so we shall content ourselves with samples here and there. Many of these are really gorgeous creations, outfitted with illustrations and whirligigs of a delightful sort. Unfortunately comparatively little will appeal to the very youngest group in the nursery. For these we know of nothing better than the Happy Hour Stories, of which the Macmillans have published a considerable number. The latest additions to this set are not wholly up to the first, but youngsters will beg for them none the less.

This year many of the stories derive from strange places or remote times. Perhaps Lindbergh and the Zeppelin have stimulated the romantic in all of us, or it may be that a hankering for something different is born into human beings. For very young readers, The Picture Book of Travel, by Berta and Elmer Hader (Macmillan: $2.00) will provide a series of fascinating pictures of how people make trips in various parts of the world, or of how they used to. We don't altogether like wishing the word "transportation" on little folk, but of course they must be prepared for the worst. For vastly more sophisticated readers—let us say boys past fifteen—Heroes from Hakluyt, edited by Charles J. Finger and illustrated by Paul Honoré, will prove a rare treat (Holt: $4.50). The deluxe edition of this book, which sells at $10.00, is one of the beautiful volumes of the season. It narrates the most interesting voyages chronicled by Hakluyt, managing to select just the right quotations. Here is a series of worthy voyagers, from Richard Chancellor to John Hawkins. Mr. Honoré can draw you a superb pirate in a style relatively novel.

Traveling backward through history is often easier and not less enjoyable than making a trip through a foreign land. The Trojan Boy, by Helen Coale Crew (Century: $1.75) is an exceptionally good story set against an Homeric background. Paidon, the young hero, is a likeable chap indeed; and his adventures are human and interesting enough to make any fellow want to stay up late. I sincerely hope this book will win the audience it richly merits. The Boy Who Was, by Grace Tabor Hallock (Dutton: $2.50) is an artistic book with much lovable narrative, but the plan it follows seems a bit eccentric. The author supposes that Nino meets boys who lived in various ages and participated in stirring episodes. A considerable expenditure of imagination is thereby required, but one who reads as far as the charming account of the Children's Crusade will be thankful for much fine entertainment. Martial deeds form the subject-matter of Knights of Charlemagne, by Ula W. Echols (Longmans: $3.00). Roland is the central figure and one is loath to believe that anybody will fail to like him greatly. Unfortunately the author's narrative halts a little, and the pictures are not exceptionally good. In The Sword of the Vikings, Julia Davis Adams has gathered a series of brief tales translated almost literally from Saxo Grammaticus (Dutton: $2.50). The old chronicler never realized how good a juvenile writer he was. Not every child will enjoy the flavor and setting of these burly narratives, but those who do will be immensely pleased. There are not enough of Suzanne Lassen's admirable drawings, but the make-up of the book is first-rate. Other Arabian Nights, the title of a

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THE LITURGICAL PRESS
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book by H. I. Katibah, is sufficient to whet anyone's appetite (Scribners: $2.00). The stories are described by the author as folk tales, many of which are still recited by skilled narrators in Syria and elsewhere. Mr. Katibah has done his work so exceptionally well that it seems almost better suited to young readers than the original, expurgated Arabian Nights themselves. I have a feeling that this book is destined to become a favorite, although some parents may not wholly approve of one or the other of the drawings. China has begun to rival Arabia as a home of oriental story-telling, and so Mr. John Bennett's The Pig Tail of Ah Lee Ben Loo (Longmans: $3.50) has the wind in its favor. It is really a very large book filled with prose and verse of varying quality. The silhouettes employed to illustrate it are often curious and amusing.

One hastens to remark that the delightfulness of older books abides, particularly when the printer does his part. Who could have a better claim to lasting favor than genial Andrew Lang, who knew so much about the history of bonnie Scotland? Several compilations of his narratives are available this year, one of the best being Tartan Tales (Longmans: $2.00). Here are a number of doughty worthies, all more or less closely associated with Prince Charlie's wars. This book offers, for a moderate price, exciting historical reading, good English and pleasing pictures. The Children's Classics (Macmillan: $1.75 each) provide the better old stories in an agreeable format. One of the recent additions is The Story of Reynard the Fox, which Odette Larrieu has translated from the French. I believe there must be something wrong with anybody who fails to like such a blend of wisdom and fun. A new edition of A Life of Christ for Children (Longmans: $1.50) should win many more readers for a book which, on the whole, has no rival. Dr. Shields was of the opinion that "every Catholic home should have this book, and every teacher in the primary grades will find it invaluable." We agree with him. The text has a charming simplicity, and the numerous reproductions of paintings by masters are satisfactory. I am glad that Pamela Bianco decided she would like to illustrate certain Blake poems, which she selected and called The Land of Dreams (Macmillan: $2.00). The young imagination could be fed with no better stuff than these exquisite, reverent lyrics, and Miss Bianco's art is an almost perfect accompaniment. It is difficult to refrain from applauding any new edition of The Night Before Christmas, which always makes one decide to vote for Santa Claus in spite of everything. But Elizabeth MacKinstry's illustrations for the Chelsea version (Dutton: $2.00) do not seem up to snuff. Possibly it is the "Knudson process" that is at fault. A new book about Christmas is The Feast of Noël, by Gertrude Crownfield (Dutton: $1.50) which retells a few tales with a Provence setting. They are sweet and wholesome, will be appreciated by those to whom they are read and cannot fail to make clearer the real significance of our Saviour's birth.

We now come to the realm of make-believe properly so called. Here is the favorite domain of the child mind, and anybody who can make out a real claim on it is fortunate indeed. It has long since been evident that A. A. Milne is the only person in sight who looks anything like the shadow of Lewis Carroll. There are great differences, of course, but more important are the common traits. The House at Pooh Corner (Dutton: $2.00) completes the story begun in Winnie-the-Pooh. I am never sure whether Mr. Milne is surpassing or failing to be himself, which is a pretty good sign; but doubtless his sophistication is more enjoyable to grownups who like

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to pretend being ten and a half than it is to children properly so called. At all events Pooh and Christopher Robin are worth knowing, and the sooner you start the better. This brings us to the godfather of everybody who refuses to grow old—J. M. Barrie in person. He has now consented to publish Peter Pan in book form, so that you and your neighbor can enjoy every line of the dialogue and the stage directions too (Scribners: $1.25). Sir James Matthew describes the ascent of Tinker Bell up the tree with all the assurance of one who witnessed the performance.

Mr. Herschel Williams has gone in for folk-lore, real and doctored, with the result that The Jolly Old Whistle is one of the current counter attractions (Nelson: $2.00). There is many a good story in the book, but we enjoyed The Little Dark-Green Man especially. A variety of countries are represented, which affords constant variety of atmosphere. The book is exceptionally well printed. In Little Heiskell (Dutton: $2.00) Isabelle Hurlbutt has recorded the adventures of the weather-vane in Hagerstown, Maryland, with variations flavored with Dickens. The pictures by Alida Conover will make everybody anxious to see more of her work. Count Billy, by Greville MacDonald, is faithful to the spirit of the great English children's classics (Dutton: $2.50). There are colorful descriptions of life in Cornwall country, of the sea, and of Spain where Billy Barnicoat becomes a count with lots and lots of money. The boy or girl who wishes to get a full-sized story for Christmas will be abundantly satisfied with this book. It has been issued with a soft grace that harmonizes completely with the dreamy text.

Animals have an especial fascination for the modern writer interested in giving his imagination a chance to speed. This year's supply of bestiary books is headed by Chond the Hunter, by Dhan Gopal Mukerji (Dutton: $2.50). Here is a curious mixture of jungle lore with Buddhistic reflections. Personally I find Mujerki's tales more exotic than is desirable, but with this verdict not everyone will agree. They are vividly written, and display a fervent appreciation of the beautiful. The present volume is illustrated by Boris Artzybasheff, so familiar to readers of Padraic Colum. In a Hat-Tub Tale, Caroline Emerson describes the remarkable exploits of Nip and Tuck, who live near the Bay of Fundy (Dutton: $2.50). It is all nonsense. Few books of the sort have more to offer. When Nip has filled his hot-water bottle and gone to bed, the world seems very right and dear—which is as it should be. Sokar and the Crocodile, by Alice Woodbury Howard (Macmillan: $2.00) manage to incorporate some information about ancient Egypt. Boga the Elephant, by "K.O.S." is a most entertaining account of an African elephant family and a superbly appointed book. The publisher declares that the author knows animals, and we are inclined to think he is truthful—for once.

From out of the list of more "regular" boys' stories one might choose William Heyliger's The Macklin Brothers (Appleton: $1.75) which describes how two brothers learned the value of coöperation on the baseball diamond. Mr. Heyliger has long since proved himself a master of such narrative. Andy Breaks Trail, by Constance Lindsay Skinner, narrates the hair-raising adventures of Andy, who joined the Lewis and Clark expedition and saw the world (Macmillan: $1.75). Barking Water, one admits, is heaps of fun, and Blue Arrow knows the woods. Crooks and how to elude them is, to a considerable extent, the theme of Dan's Worst Friend, by Robert E. Holland, S.J. (Benziger: $1.25). You may be absolutely sure that when Dan grew up he joined the Secret Service, and earned a promotion for excellent character. Younger

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girls will enjoy the miscellaneous treasures of The Children's Play-Hour, which assembles stories, puzzles, poems, pictures and scientific information (Longmans: $2.00). Their older sisters—or at least those with a romantic turn of mind, which is most of them it seems to me—will heave many a sigh over Women of the Morte d'Arthur, which comprises twelve love stories chosen and illustrated by Ann D. Alexander. It is a charming gift book for anybody who ought to have it. But the point is, I should like to go on with the story but we have to end somewhere. Please remember that the Christmas stocking is nothing without a book!

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

For Boys by One

Halsey in the West Indies, by Halsey Oakley Fuller. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75.

THIS is the latest of the Boys' Books by Boys Series, and it marks a distinct improvement. Putnam's boys are learning to write. Kennett Harris contributes the foreword and tells his readers what Halsey Fuller is like. He seems to be all that the distinguished writer of authentic "westerns" says about him, too.

The book, intended primarily for juvenile consumption, would serve as an excellent guidebook to the northern Lesser Antilles, crowned by the American and British Virgin Islands, centre of the recent hurricane. Halsey, under the tutelage of Dr. Henry S. Whitehead, a distinguishd educator, spent the winter of 1927-1928 in and about the Virgin Islands accumulating culture. Mr. Harris complains gently that the author has set down what he has seen rather than what he has done. One suspects that Mr. Harris wrote his foreword before the book was completed. For Halsey is a doer as well as a looker-on. He goes tarantula-hunting casually; he saves his collaborator, Arthur Lindborg—another of Dr. Whitehead's fortunate young pupils—from a savage barracuda; he finds an obeahman's cache in an ancient Danish fortress; he recovers the abandoned log of a deep-seas skipper from a wrecked vessel; he very nearly gets pulled into the Caribbean off Congo Cay by a shark which has taken the tropical butterfish which he was using for bonito bait.

The book is a real thriller. Young Arthur Lindborg contributes a number of amusing sketches for chapter headings, and there are thirty-four photographs taken on the spot. Halsey's final chapter is a tribute to the remarkable teacher who had him in charge.

EDNA H. BLACK.

An Irish Balzac

The Assassin, by Liam O'Flaherty. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

HAVING read during these post-war years, something more than five hundred modern novels, which should supply some inkling of what is being done in the novel, I have come to the conclusion that Liam O'Flaherty is the superior of all those writing in English today, in the craft and substance of his work. His novels now number five—Thy Neighbour's Wife, The Black Soul, The Informer, Mr. Gilhooley, and his latest, The Assassin. In England he has been recognized as having genius—a hard word—by Conrad and Garnett and in this country by Padraic Colum and the late Henry Longan Stuart. Yet response from readers has been meagre—his new book is humorously dedicated to his creditors.

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Yet O'Flaherty is an exceedingly modern writer in manner, and quite universal in his materials. He has made use of the values derived from the experimenting which has taken place in novel writing, and brought these new values into harmonious function with the main elements of novel writing. His style has the terse simplicity and drive of modern usage, the staccato effect, with the added capacity of being able to shift, upon need, to more graceful periods. Yet this writer so superior to the bulk of recognized novelists basking in the golden regard of a generous public, has for years gone unheralded except for a few discerning critics. O'Flaherty, unfortunately, has had no coterie to raise the ballyhoo.

About his performances there is nothing arty; they are solid achievements. Frequently he has treated the restlessness, the social upheaval which followed the end of the war. It is doubtful if, even in Germany, there was as sharp a change in living and thinking as that which took place in Ireland. The traditional was overturned to the tune of varying speculations on conduct and government. With unique detachment, O'Flaherty has etched the reactions of characters to the chaotic conditions which prevailed during and after the revolt. The pity that this spectacle gives to O'Flaherty is in the overtones of his remarkably natural dialogue.

The Assassin is a psychological drama, intense and vibrant, revealing the influence of anarchic ideas in a character of unstable mental balance. His portrait of McDara, the agitator, is a penetrating criticism of Celtic expansiveness which can only find satisfaction in absolutes. The portrayal searches a muddled mind. It reveals McDara taking a personal revenge, while unconsciously attributing his motive to the advancement of a political cause. The knowledge of behavior and the suspense of terror is presented with a vitality which vastly surpasses concocted mystery thrillers. His relentless pursuit of the murdering McDara to his disillusioned breakdown is what is to be expected from a writer who is also an artist.

At the moment Hemingway and the more recent Morley Callaghan are being considered as capital performers in a realism which bluntly depicts life. What has been appreciated in these two novelists is nothing else than the beginnings of a realistic manner beyond which O'Flaherty has now well advanced. They are adepts in sharply realized externals. These externals O'Flaherty produces in his brilliant backgrounds and continues on to probe the soul and remark the fate that inscrutably sits before destiny. How much longer will O'Flaherty have to wait for recognition? Until prejudice is dormant and the fashion in novels swings to the Irish? Is it only then that the most compelling force in English today will receive his well deserved recognition?

EDWIN CLARK.

Texts from Teheran

Persian Pictures, by Gertrude Bell. New York: Boni and Liveright. $3.00.

THE coal of Durham, the iron ore of north Yorkshire, made the fortune of the Bell family. In the home of her grandfather, Sir Lowthian Bell, at Washington, Durham County, Gertrude Bell was born in July, 1868. But at West Rounton, Yorkshire, and Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, her life was spent, until in 1892 she accompanied her aunt, the wife of Sir Frank Lascelles, to the British embassy at Teheran.

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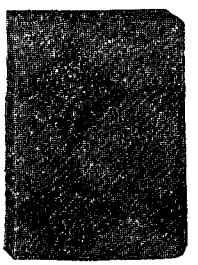

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Here she was initiated into the intricacies of oriental political questions and drew into her mind and soul that lure of the Orient which, once it enters into Occidentals, seldom ceases to beckon them and hasten their return to the home of religions, the land of romance, and perhaps the cradle of the human race.

In a few months she returned to England and found publishers anxious to publish certain letters buoyantly descriptive of Persian life, which she had written home. These were issued in 1894 under the title of Safar-Nameh, which is the western transliteration of the Persian characters meaning Persian Pictures, the name given to this 1928 reprint. It consists of some twenty essays, fourteen of which were actually written in Persia, six being added at the request of the London publisher, but written in England.

These last six chapters do not possess the charm of language nor the smooth portraiture of events and scenes that so pleasantly conduct one through eastern cities, Persian gardens, or along the bridle paths to the mountain summer homes, of which the first fourteen essays speak.

It would not be suitable to pick out and comment on each essay, even if space were available. It is a book which must be taken to a quiet fireside or easy chair and read in quietude, so that one may be transported by its descriptions to the land of plateaux, snowy hilltops, rain-scored mountains, which make up so much of the landscape of modern Persia. Then a quiet hour will pass, not only unregretted but also unnoticed.

BOYD-CARPENTER.

Too Much of the Major

Harness, by A. Hamilton Gibbs. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

IN HARNESS we have the story of an English major, demobilized with honors, who marries and seeks to find adjustment and a living through his writing. As Major Gibbs won the Military Cross, married after the war, and turned to literature as a profession, there should be enough factual basis here for an interpretative account, especially as the author-hero's first book was a record of war experiences and Gun Fodder was Major Gibbs's initial offering. But if Harness is an account of adjustment, we must conclude that, for some at least, it was not the problem we have been led to believe.

The story opens with Major Michael Gordon—a typical, mold-created, emotionally repressed Englishman whose most colorful ejaculation is "Hullo"—proposing to Pat, a young woman who saw service behind the front, and who at times becomes something of a human being. An idyllic honeymoon over, they discover the necessity for other interests than each other: Michael retires to his den and Pat goes on the stage.

The title of the book refers to their efforts to pull together through the old triangle plot: for Pat becomes interested in the actor opposite whom she plays. Michael, appraised of this by his wife's young sister, speeds to the theatre in the car he has bought with the sale of his first book, and proves his manhood by battering a whimpering and defenseless coward, a figure cut from the same piece of papier-maché but, of course, dyed a different color. The curtain rings down on page 320 with the proper parties in the proper arms and with the proper endearments being spoken.

In Harness, as in Soundings, the women are the best creations. Perhaps in his next book Major Gibbs will give more space to his girls who interest him.

LURTON BLASSINGAME.

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Bigotry or Americanism—

Which Shall It Be?

BIGOTRY

Here are excerpts from anti-Catholic literature being circulated by the thousands upon thousands in various sections of the country:

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"If the secret history of the World War is ever written, the blame therefor will be laid upon the Pope of Rome."

AMERICANISM

"It (an appeal for votes against a Catholic) does violence to every instinct I possess. . . . I have repeatedly stated that neither I nor the Republican party want support on that basis."—*President-Elect Hoover.*

"This country cannot be successful if it divides on sectarian lines."—*Governor Alfred E. Smith.*

"In this land of equal liberty it is our boast that a man's religious tenets will not forfeit the protection of the laws nor deprive him of the right of attaining the highest offices that are known in the United States."—*George Washington.*

"The proscribing of any citizen as unworthy of being called to offices of trust, unless he profess or renounce this or that religious opinion is depriving him injuriously of those privileges and advantages to which in common with his fellow citizens he has a natural right."—*Thomas Jefferson: Virginia Statute of Religious Liberty.*

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Briefer Mention

Spain from the South, by J. B. Trend. New York: Albert A. Knopf. $5.00.

IN HIS preface, the author of Spain from the South gives this keynote of his volume of peninsular appreciations: "Castile is, after all, the part of Spain which matters most; Castile and the Castilian spirit as we find it interpreted by the language, the old ballads, the paintings of El Greco, the autobiography of a man like Alonso de Contreras and the adventures (particularly the further adventures) of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza." Mr. Trend confines his travel and studies to the regions between Gibraltar and Toledo; he reveals unusual familiarity with Spanish history, industries and arts, and proves to be, in general, very safe in his philosophical conclusions. In Toledo he places the head and climax of Spanish achievement and shows enthusiasm for El Greco and his biographer, Cossio, from whom Maurice Barrés took the details of his much lauded book, The Secret of Toledo. Mr. Trend does not allow his Spaniards to be crowded out of the picture, as happens in the case of Barrés, who seems half oblivious to the Spain and the Toledo which he could not interpret as Arab. This chapter on El Greco is really valuable in Mr. Trend's book, which is worthy of a special place of honor in the modern student's growing library of books on Spain and the Spaniards.

They Who Paddle, by Rosalind Webster. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00.

THE youthful style and the labored attempt to introduce the plot without too much obviousness make the opening chapters of They Who Paddle unimpressive. Irain, the heroine, finds her life circumscribed by the conventions of her social set and by the careful watchfulness of her mother, Lady Ghant. Irain partially escapes these restraints, mingles with the "far more amusing persons" of her brother's acquaintance, writes the most successful play of the London season, and becomes involved in consequent heart and home difficulties. Miss Webster has a genuine gift for witty conversational writing, and her style grows freer and more vivacious with the telling of the story.

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